Wong
Pina
Zagaria
Milla

Vol. 2

# DEADPOOL

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[_the_world_x]

[destiny_of_x]

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Vol. 2

# DEADPOOL

**Writer:** Alyssa Wong
**Artists:** Javier Pina (#6) & Luigi Zagaria (#7-10)
**Color Artist:** Matt Milla

**Letterer:** VC's Joe Sabino

**Cover Art:** Martín Cóccolo & Neeraj Menon

**Assistant Editor:** Lauren Amaro
**Editor:** Jordan D. White

**Design:** Tom Muller

**Deadpool created by:** Rob Liefeld & Fabian Nicieza

**Collection Editor:** Jennifer Grünwald
**Assistant Editor:** Daniel Kirchhoffer
**Associate Manager, Talent Relations:** Lisa Montalbano
**VP Production & Special Projects:** Jeff Youngquist
**SVP Print, Sales & Marketing:** David Gabriel
**Sr. Manager, Digital:** Tim Smith 3
**Digital Production:** Jasmine Alvarez & Rachel Young

**Editor in Chief:** C.B. Cebulski

DEADPOOL

CAFÉ LIANA, NEW YORK CITY.
*SIIIGH*
I **LOVE** BEING IN LOVE.
MAYBE IT'S TOO EARLY FOR THE **L WORD**, BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN A VERY PATIENT GUY.
AND SURE, THAT'S COME BACK TO BITE ME IN THE BUTT--LITERALLY, SEVERAL TIMES--BUT I'M AN **ETERNAL OPTIMIST**.
TODAY'S GOING TO BE DIFFERENT.
TODAY'S GOING TO BE **PERFECT**.
MRUU.
**EXACTLY**, PRINCESS.
DROP.
RÄVHONA.
WHO IS HE TALKING TO?
DON'T KNOW, DON'T CARE.
IN TWO MINUTES, HE'LL BE *DEAD*. NO ONE ELSE FROM THE *ATELIER* IS TAKING THIS KILL FROM US.
TRACKING DEADPOOL TO THIS CAFÉ WAS EASY.
HE'S CLEARLY WAITING FOR THAT *TRAITOR, VALENTINE*, TO ARRIVE FOR THEIR DATE.
ONCE THEY SHOW UP, WE'LL ELIMINATE THEM BOTH.
RIGHT ON SCHEDULE.
THERE'S--

--LADY DEATHSTRIKE?!
YURIKO OYAMA. A.K.A. LADY DEATHSTRIKE.
WHAT.
ISN'T THAT LORD DEATHSTRIKE'S SISTER?
MAYBE OUR INTEL ABOUT DEADPOOL AND VALENTINE'S ROMANTIC RELATIONSHIP WAS INCORRECT...
OR HE'S A TWO-TIMING SCUMBAG.
VALENTINE BETRAYED US BECAUSE OF HIM, AND NOW HE HAS THE AUDACITY TO CHEAT ON THEM?!
MMMM.
THAT'S IT. HE'S DEAD.
GOOD THING WE'RE HERE TO KILL HIM.
YEAH, BUT NOW WE'RE GOING TO EXTRA KILL HIM.
CALM DOWN, DROP. LET'S GATHER INFORMATION FIRST.
AND AS YOU MIGHT SAY...

"...WE CAN ALWAYS *EXTRA KILL HIM* LATER."
THESE SMELL LIKE *CRAP*.
GET A DIFFERENT BOUQUET.
PLUF
WHAT?! BUT I PICKED THIS ONE MYSELF!
IT'S EVEN SHAPED LIKE VALENTINE'S FACE!
THAT'S *DISTURBING*.
IF I WERE THEM, I'D DUMP YOU IMMEDIATELY.
LOOK, I JUST WANT THIS DATE TO BE *PERFECT*.
FLOWERS. PICNIC. STARGAZING. THE WORKS.
THAT'S WHY I'M ASKING FOR YOUR *HELP*.
YOU WANT ME TO WATCH YOUR DOG.
YOU *LOVE* PRINCESS!
AND CABLE WON'T PICK UP HIS PHONE. I THINK HE'S STILL IN THE HOSPITAL WITH FOOD POISONING.
RRRUF!
I DON'T *LIKE YOU*, DEADPOOL.
I DON'T LIKE *VALENTINE*, AND I DON'T LIKE YOUR *DOG*.
BUT FINE. IF I *MUST*, I'LL BABYSIT HER.
BOOF.
NOW, WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO ABOUT THE *ASSASSINS* ON THE *ROOFTOP*?
I'M ALWAYS PARTIAL TO A *DINE AND DASH*.

# DEADPOOL

## I'M OUT OF IDEAS FOR UP HERE. WILL THE ATELIER FINALLY GET THEIR GUY?! READ AHEAD TO FIND OUT!

Wade Wilson, A.K.A. the regenerating degenerate Deadpool, found himself kidnapped once again by Harrower and Doctor Octopus as the symbiote sample Harrower had been incubating inside Deadpool finally hatched -- revealing the regrown Cletus Kasady, A.K.A. the original Carnage!

(I BASICALLY GAVE BIRTH TO HIM, YOU'D THINK HE WOULD BE A LITTLE GRATEFUL)

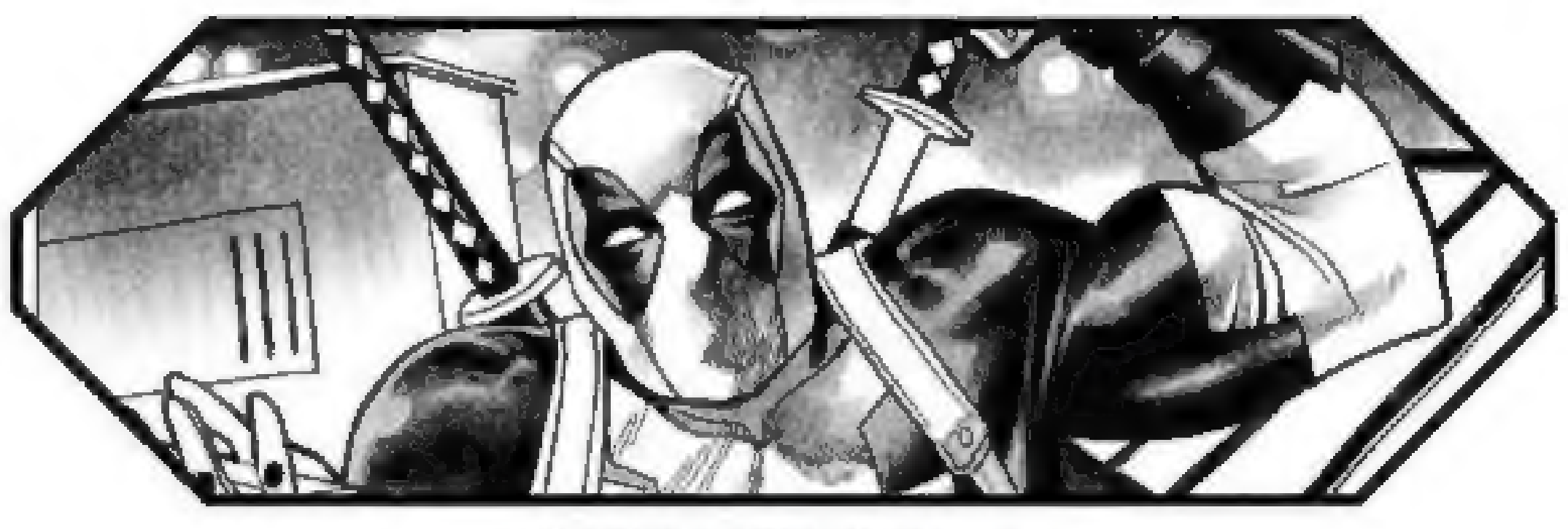
However, Cletus' return was short-lived as a secondary symbiote, shaped as a dog, burst from Deadpool's chest and swallowed Cletus whole before bonding with Deadpool and aiding in his escape alongside Atelier operative Valentine Vuong and Lady Deathstrike.

(THAT'S MY PRINCESS!)

(WE'RE LIKE A LITTLE FAMILY -- I HEAR CONNECTICUT HAS GOOD SCHOOL DISTRICTS.)

Now Deadpool can focus on more important things, like his love life! However, with the Atelier having marked Valentine as a compromised agent, the kill order they've put on Valentine and Deadpool may just have put a dampener on date night...

(NOTHING CAN KILL OUR LOVE!!! EXCEPT MAYBE KNIVES...OR...SWORDS...OR EXPLOSIONS...OR POISON...OR)



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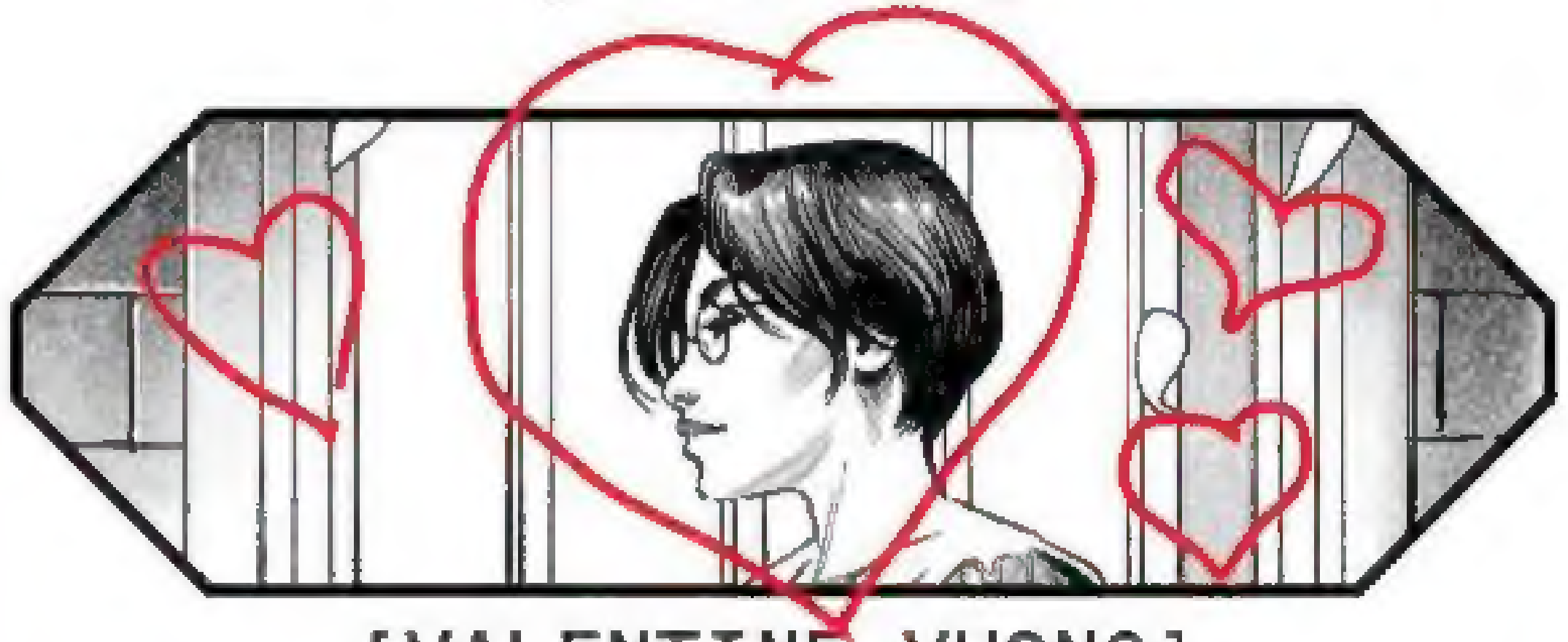
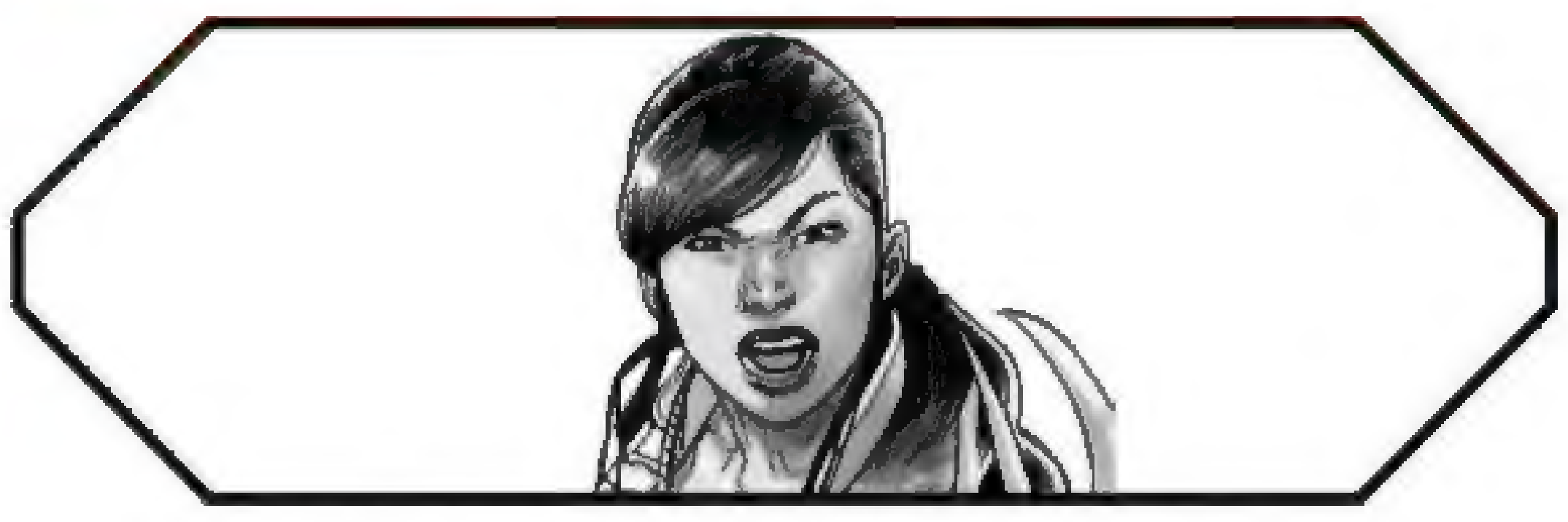


[VALENTINE VUONG]



[LADY DEATHSTRIKE]

MARTIN
COCCOLO

[X-DP06]

## Chapter 06

# Valentine’s Day

# 6

VALENTINE VUONG'S APARTMENT, NEW YORK CITY.
VALENTINE VUONG.
KA-BOOOOM
MIRROR.
WHSSH
YOU GOT GLASS IN MY COFFEE.
*MIRROR*, WHAT HAVE I SAID ABOUT COMING IN THROUGH THE WINDOWS?
THAT I SHOULD NOT.
UNFORTUNATELY, **VALENTINE**, YOU HAVE BEEN **MARKED FOR DEATH** BY THE **HORNED EMPEROR.**
WHAT A SHAME. I DO LIKE YOUR COFFEE.

THAT'S BECAUSE IT'S *DELICIOUS.*
KA-CHOOM
SHAK SHAK SHAK
I'M NOT SURPRISED THEY SENT YOU TO KILL ME!
MY **NEEDLES** CAN'T PIERCE YOUR ARMOR, SO YOU'RE THE LOGICAL CHOICE!
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
KAPOOM
YES.
AND I AM VERY GOOD AT MY JOB.
HHSSSH
SO AM I.

KZZK
FWSH
HEY, I REMEMBER YOU!
THE *ATELIER!* FASHION ASSASSINS!
WAIT, DON'T TELL ME--YOU CHANGED YOUR MIND ABOUT LETTING ME IN?
BECAUSE I LOOK *GREAT* IN McQUEEN.
KLANG
TCH!
*EVERYONE* LOOKS GREAT IN McQUEEN.
WHAM
YOU'RE *DROP*, RIGHT?
DO PEOPLE CALL YOU THAT BECAUSE YOU'RE AN *INSUFFERABLE HYPEBEAST?*
VWW
NAH.
WHUMM

IT'S BECAUSE OF *THIS.*
AAHH!
WWUMMM
KRAKK
KRASH
KRASH
KRASH

OOGH...
THAT WAS A TWELVE-STORY BUILDING. **GRAVITY MANIPULATION'S** NO JOKE.
I SHOULD PROBABLY COME UP WITH SOME JUST IN CASE...ONCE MY BONES RE-FORM.
OVERDRAMATIC, BUT NICE.
HE HAD IT COMING.
CHEATING PIECE OF--
GAH!
WHAM
GRRARR!
WE'VE GOT THIS--GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!
DO YOU WANT TO BE LATE FOR YOUR DATE?!
OH **SHOOT!** COME ON, LEGS, HEAL UP!
**WAIT FOR ME, VALENTINE!**

GGHR...
ALL THIS FUSS. DISLOYALTY. LIES.
WE **KILLED** TO JOIN THE ATELIER, AND YOU THREW IT ALL AWAY FOR **WHAT?** AN UGLY LITTLE MAN WITH AN EMBARRASSING SENSE OF HUMOR?
HE'S **NOT** UGLY.
KRAK
THE EMPEROR'S JUST THROWING A *TANTRUM* BECAUSE I HID DEADPOOL FROM THEM!
THIS ALL READS LIKE A DESPERATE, PETTY BID FOR ATTENTION.
KRASH
I'M INCLINED TO AGREE.
IF YOU **GROVELED** AND **PROVED YOUR LOYALTY** BY KILLING DEADPOOL, THE EMPEROR MIGHT SPARE AND REINSTATE YOU.
DING DONG!
MAYBE.
BUT I'M TIRED OF LIVING ACCORDING TO THEIR WHIMS.
NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME-- I'M *EXPECTING* COMPANY.
CLIKVRRRM
KA-CHOOOOOM
GHAHH!

HEY, BABE, SORRY I'M LATE.
ARE YOU AN *IMPACTED WISDOM TOOTH?* BECAUSE I WANT TO *TAKE YOU OUT.*
IS THAT A *THREAT* OR A *PROMISE?*
YOU KNOW ME--I'M INTO *BOTH.*
HEY, WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR FACE?
UH... *COOKING ACCIDENT.* I WAS CHOPPING... BROCCOLI.
YIKES, THAT'S ONE HELL OF A COOKING ACCIDENT.
THE, *UH,* INSTANT POT EXPLODED AND BLEW UP THE KITCHEN.
AFTER A *BIRD* FLEW INTO IT.
CHU
SORRY, I KNOW I WAS SUPPOSED TO PUT TOGETHER A PICNIC FOR US, BUT...
DON'T EVEN WORRY ABOUT IT.
I CAME *PREPARED.*
I HAVE PLENTY OF ACTIVITIES PLANNED FOR US!
AND MOST OF THEM ARE EVEN *LEGAL!*

# BABYSITTING INSTRUCTIONS:

-FEED PRINCESS AT 6:00 P.M.

-HER DINNER IS IN THE FRIDGE. (THE TUPPERWARE OF ASSORTED GROUND MEAT. DON'T ASK TOO MANY QUESTIONS.)

-TAKE PRINCESS FOR AT LEAST TWO WALKS BEFORE PUTTING HER TO BED.

-MAKE SURE SHE POOPS BEFORE TAKING HER BACK INSIDE. I CANNOT STRESS THIS ENOUGH. SHE IS SNEAKY AS &%€0!

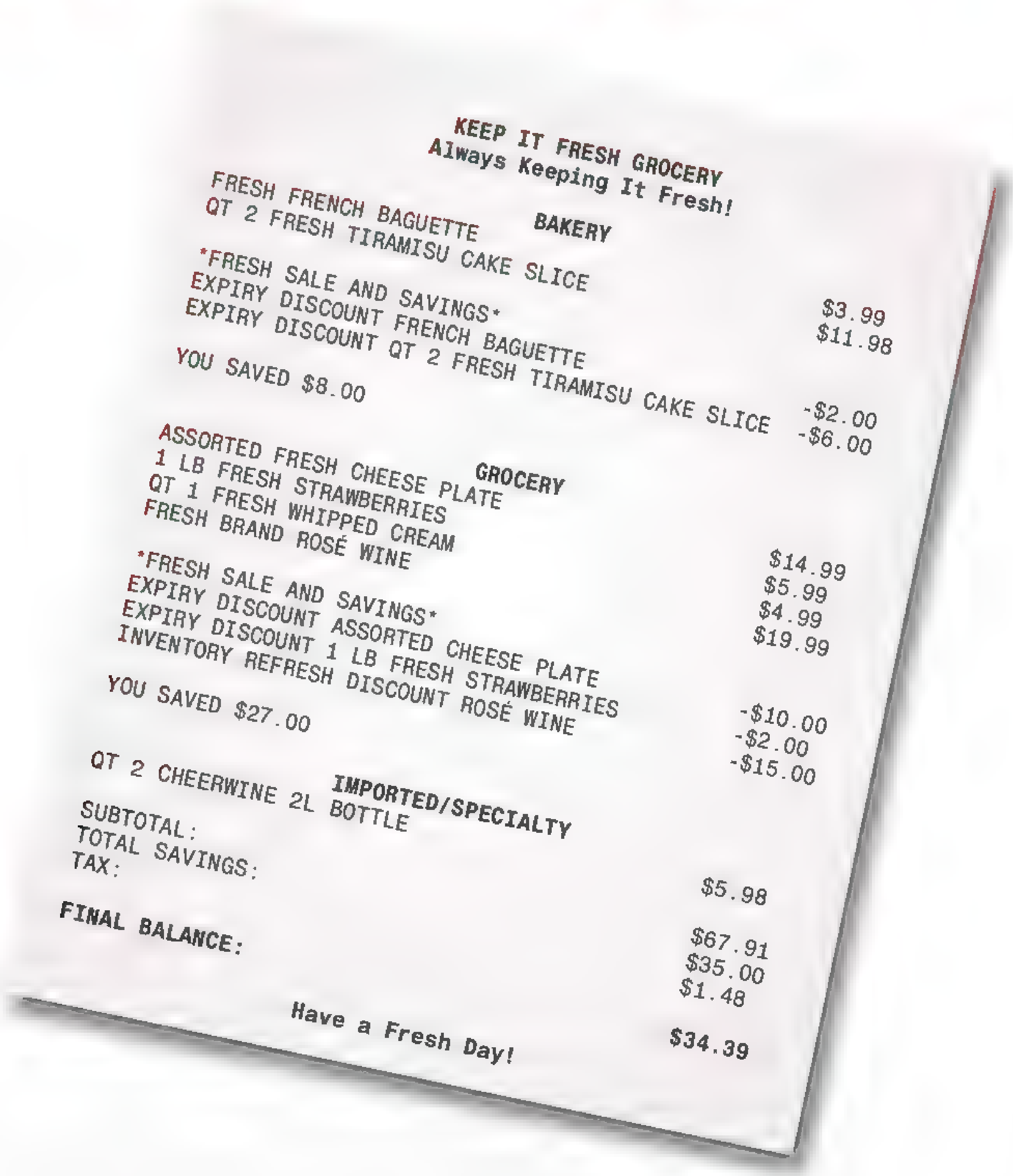
-DO NOT TAKE PRINCESS TO THE DOG PARK.

**DO NOT DO IT.**

-SHE LIKES TO WATCH REALITY TV, SO PUT THAT ON AFTER DINNER UNTIL BEDTIME.

-TREATS ARE IN THE FREEZER IN THE UNMARKED BLACK PLASTIC BAG. SHE CAN HAVE AS MANY AS SHE WANTS.

-ALWAYS TUCK HER IN WITH HER SPECIAL BLANKIE!!!



**KEEP IT FRESH GROCERY**
Always Keeping It Fresh!

**BAKERY**

| | |
|---|---|
| FRESH FRENCH BAGUETTE | $3.99 |
| QT 2 FRESH TIRAMISU CAKE SLICE | $11.98 |
| *FRESH SALE AND SAVINGS* | |
| EXPIRY DISCOUNT FRENCH BAGUETTE | -$2.00 |
| EXPIRY DISCOUNT QT 2 FRESH TIRAMISU CAKE SLICE | -$6.00 |

YOU SAVED $8.00

**GROCERY**

| | |
|---|---|
| ASSORTED FRESH CHEESE PLATE | $14.99 |
| 1 LB FRESH STRAWBERRIES | $5.99 |
| QT 1 FRESH WHIPPED CREAM | $4.99 |
| FRESH BRAND ROSÉ WINE | $19.99 |
| *FRESH SALE AND SAVINGS* | |
| EXPIRY DISCOUNT ASSORTED CHEESE PLATE | -$10.00 |
| EXPIRY DISCOUNT 1 LB FRESH STRAWBERRIES | -$2.00 |
| INVENTORY REFRESH DISCOUNT ROSÉ WINE | -$15.00 |

YOU SAVED $27.00

**IMPORTED/SPECIALTY**

| | |
|---|---|
| QT 2 CHEERWINE 2L BOTTLE | $5.98 |
| SUBTOTAL: | $67.91 |
| TOTAL SAVINGS: | $35.00 |
| TAX: | $1.48 |
| **FINAL BALANCE:** | **$34.39** |

Have a Fresh Day!

MMPH, THISH IS SHO GOOD!
YOU CAN BARELY TELL ISH EXPIRED!
CRONCH CRONCH
I DON'T MIND THE SLIGHTLY SOUR TASTE.
IT'S KIND OF NOSTALGIC.
NOW THAT I THINK OF IT, I DON'T ACTUALLY KNOW VERY MUCH ABOUT YOU.
WHERE YOU GREW UP, WHAT YOUR FAMILY'S LIKE...WHY YOU'RE NOT ON KRAKOA.
THAT PLACE IS LIKE A PARADISE.
OF COURSE IT IS--IT'S DESIGNED TO BE ONE.
"A PLACE WHERE ALL MUTANTKIND IS WELCOME AND FREE TO BE OURSELVES WITHOUT FEAR."
AND IF YOU BELIEVE THAT, I KNOW SOME HOT SINGLES IN YOUR AREA WHO ARE DYING TO VIDEO CHAT WITH YOU FOR A SMALL FEE.
AS FOR THE REST...EVERYONE'S GOT THINGS THEY'D PREFER TO FORGET.
I'D RATHER MAKE NEW MEMORIES WITH YOU.

OHH, THAT LINE WAS SO SMOOTH.
YOU MEAN SHADY.
THERE YOU ARE. WE ALMOST GOT STARTED WITHOUT YOU.
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR FACE?
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOURS?
I DID.
GO GET 'EM, PRINCESS.
SNARRL!
AAAHH--

AAAAAH!
DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING?
UH...
WOMPH
...UH...
GO.
ON.
YOUR.
DATE.
...NOPE!
MUST HAVE BEEN THE *DUCKS!*
*SCREAMING!*
LIKE THEY DO!
APPARENTLY, BREAD IS REALLY BAD FOR THEM AND CAN MAKE THEM EXPLODE, I THINK?
SO MAYBE WE SHOULD DO SOMETHING ELSE!
!
YOU READ MY MIND!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

MANY GREAT PHILOSOPHERS HAVE WRITTEN ABOUT LOVE.
SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR. JEAN-PAUL SARTRE. TAYLOR SWIFT.
AND YOU KNOW WHAT? I THINK THEY'RE ALL RIGHT.
ESPECIALLY TAYLOR SWIFT.
I FEEL LIKE SHE JUST GETS ME.
ANYWAY, THIS TIME, I THINK I'VE *FINALLY* GOT IT *RIGHT*.
IF THIS ISN'T A *LOVE FOR THE AGES*, IT'S DEFINITELY ONE FOR THE *LEGAL RECORDS*.

OOOOF.
YOU SAID IT. I'M BEAT.
BUT I HAD A GREAT TIME WITH YOU.
TODAY WAS THE MOST FUN I'VE HAD IN AGES.
IT'S NOT OVER YET.
I WANTED TO TAKE YOU STARGAZING, BUT YOU CAN'T SEE ANYTHING HERE IN THE CITY...
...SO I GOT THE *NEXT BEST* THING.
TICKETS TO THE PLANETARIUM!
WHAT'S MORE ROMANTIC THAN THE *COLD VOID OF SPACE?*

BLUURGH!
DISGUSTING.
I *TOLD* YOU EATING THAT SHI'AR WAS GOING TO MAKE YOU SICK!
NO KIDDING. YOU PROBABLY ATE AT LEAST TEN POUNDS OF ARMOR.
COULD EAT IT AGAIN.
DON'T YOU DARE.
RING RING!
HELLO?
HEYYY, YURIKO, IT'S ME.
HOW'S PRINCESS HOLDING UP?
WITH THE WHOLE ASSASSINS THING?
SHE'S *FINE.*
HELLO, PAPA.
HAS MY *LITTLE PRINCESS* POOPED YET TODAY?
I'M HANGING UP.

CLICK
WADE?
YOU'VE SEEMED DISTRACTED ALL DAY.
ARE YOU... NOT HAVING A GOOD TIME?
WHAT? NO!
I'M HAVING A **GREAT** TIME WITH YOU, VALENTINE!
I WAS JUST CHECKING ON PRINCESS--SHE'S ONLY, LIKE, **A WEEK OLD,** AND SHE'S NEVER SPENT THIS LONG AWAY FROM HER *DADDY.*
THAT'S SO SWEET OF YOU... *DADDY.*
*AHAHAAA, IS IT **HOT** IN **ME,** OR IS IT JUST **HERE?***
*OH,* IT'S DEFINITELY YOU.
LET'S GO SEE SOME STARS.

OOH, IT'S STARTING!
YEAH, LOVE IS PRETTY GREAT.
IF DEATHSTRIKE WAS HERE, SHE'D SAY I'M RUSHING INTO THINGS. BUT COME ON! *I'M IMPULSIVE! SPONTANEOUS! DANGEROUS!*
(THAT'S ROMANTIC, RIGHT?)
*WOW.*
SO WHAT IF WE'RE MOVING FAST! I'M *TOTALLY* IN CONTROL OF THE SITUATION!
IT'S NOT LIKE I'M *RENTING A U-HAUL* OR ANYTHING.
YET.
MAYBE SOON.
SURE, I'M NOT *LEGALLY* ALLOWED TO RENT THOSE ANY MORE, BUT A *HEIST* COULD BE A CUTE DATE TOO.
...WHAT IS *THAT?*

CRIIRIRII
FLAP FLAP FLAP
BATS?!
NO ONE TOLD ME THERE WERE BATS ON THE MOON!
WATCH OUT!
KA-SHAK
THE SUN SETS.
FLP FLP FLP FLP
THE MOON RISES.
WHSSH
GGRRRAA!

LAST BITE.
IT'S FINALLY OUR TURN TO PLAY.
RÄVHONA.
(BUT FOR REAL THIS TIME.)

## PRINCESS

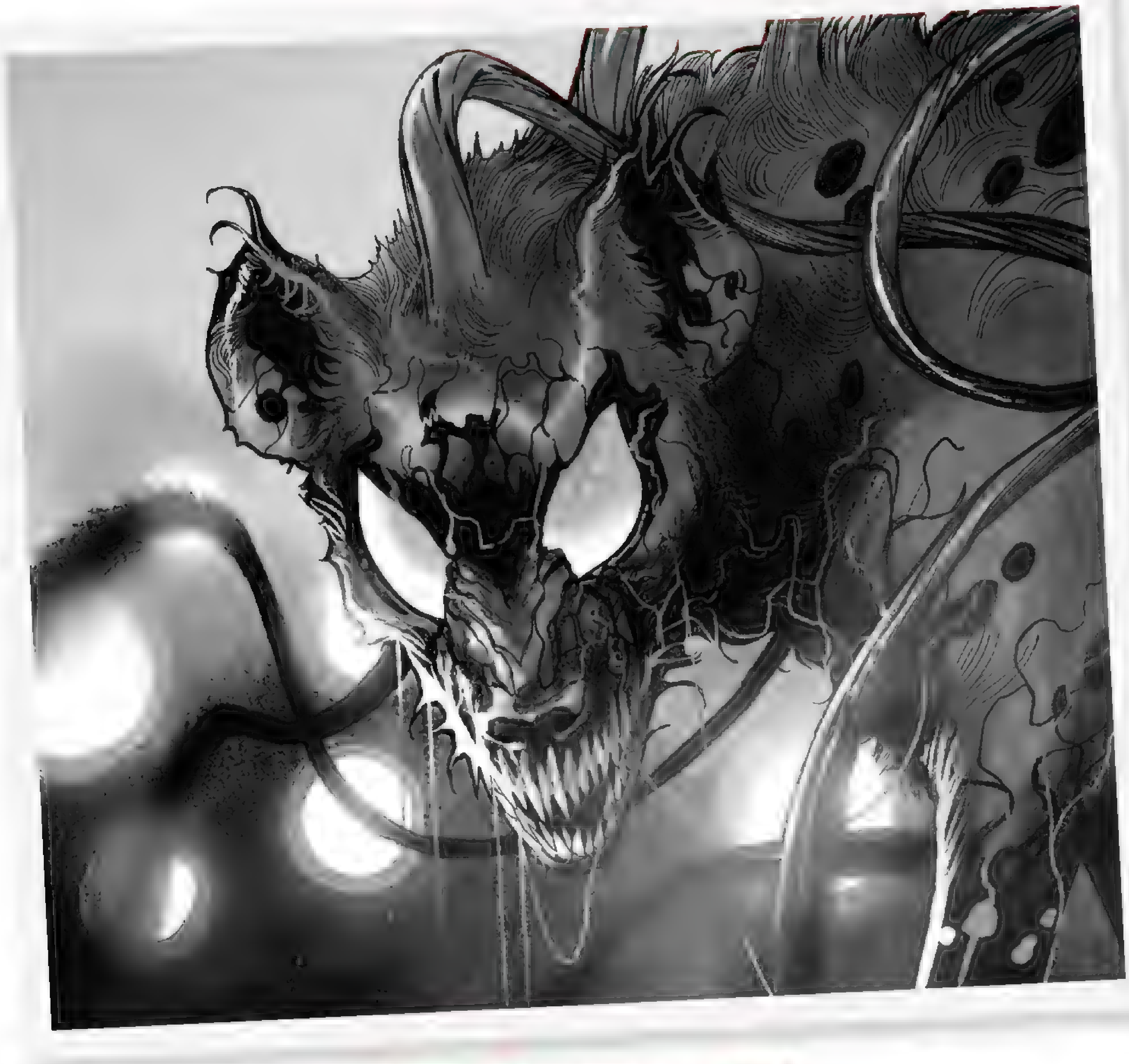
**SPECIES:** SYMBIOTE HYBRID. DOG??? PROBABLY??? MY PERFECT ANGEL ♥

**AGE:** UNKNOWN. 10 DAYS, GIVE OR TAKE?

**ORIGIN:** UNKNOWN. SHE'S LIKE AN ADORABLE LIVER ATHENA. SPRUNG FULLY FORMED FROM MY BODY. BUT NOT IN A FETUS-Y KIND OF WAY.

**NOTABLE FEATURES:** CLASSIC SYMBIOTE CHARACTERISTICS, INCLUDING UNHINGEABLE JAW AND SEMILIQUID SKIN. THREE TAILS WITH BLADED TIPS, REMINISCENT OF CARNAGE'S ARMS. AND THE CUTEST ITTY-BITTY FACE!

**SIZE:** UNCLEAR. LARGE, ROUGHLY SEDAN-SIZED AND IN CHARGE.



THAT'S MY LITTLE GIRL!

D MARTIN
COCCOLO

[X-DP07]

## Chapter 07

# Heavenly Bodies

## 7

ATELIER HQ. SEVERAL MONTHS AGO.
GO ON, CHILDREN.
PICK A CARD.
RÄVHONA.
DROP.
ASTER.
HAH! NEXT KILL IS MINE!
WHAT?! THIS IS GARBAGE!
I HAVEN'T GOTTEN THE KILL CARD THE LAST SIX DRAWS!
SUCKS TO SUCK, DROP.
I PULLED THE KILL CARD TOO.
THERE WERE TWO KILL CARDS THIS TIME AND I DIDN'T PULL EITHER?!
LAST BITE.
GOT ANYTHING INTERESTING, ALCAUDÓN?
GO FISH.
ALCAUDÓN.
VALENTINE VUONG.
MIRROR.
MS. GINGKO.
LORD DEATHSTRIKE.
WHAT DID YOU GET, VALENTINE?
IF YOURS IS A KILL CARD TOO, I'M STEALING IT FROM YOU.

I'M OVERSEEING THE NEW AUDITIONEES.
GET THEM SETTLED. BE THEIR POINT OF CONTACT.
THE CARD WITH THE *GOLD ENVELOPE* ON IT? THIS GAME'S *DEFINITELY* RIGGED--YOU ALWAYS PULL BABYSITTING DUTY.
I LIKE IT. IT'S FUN.
AND I'D RATHER HANDLE THAT THAN *BODY DISPOSAL.*
I'M BODY DISPOSAL.
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU CAN SLEEP THROUGH ALL THIS EXCITEMENT, LOVE.
YOU HAVE YOUR ASSIGNMENTS.
NOW GO. I'LL SEE YOU BACK HERE IN A WEEK FOR THE *FIRST ROUND* OF *AUDITIONS.*
THE HORNED EMPEROR.
SUSPICIOUS ALREADY, EMPEROR?
...THIS COULD BE A PROBLEM.

# DEADPOOL

## HEH. HOW ABOUT THE START TO THAT FIRST DATE, HUH? SWIPE LEFT--I MEAN RIGHT--I MEAN LEFT--TO SEE HOW IT GOES.

Wade Wilson -- A.K.A. the regenerating degenerate Deadpool, is head over heels, painstakingly in love! Unfortunately, his first date with paramour and former Atelier operative Valentine Vuong has hit some road bumps -- namely in the form of current Atelier members Last Bite and Rävhona, who are currently doing their level best to assassinate the two lovebirds.

(VALENTINE SMILED AT ME, AND MY HEART FELT LIKE THE HULK WAS TRYING TO BURST OUT OF MY RIBCAGE <3 )

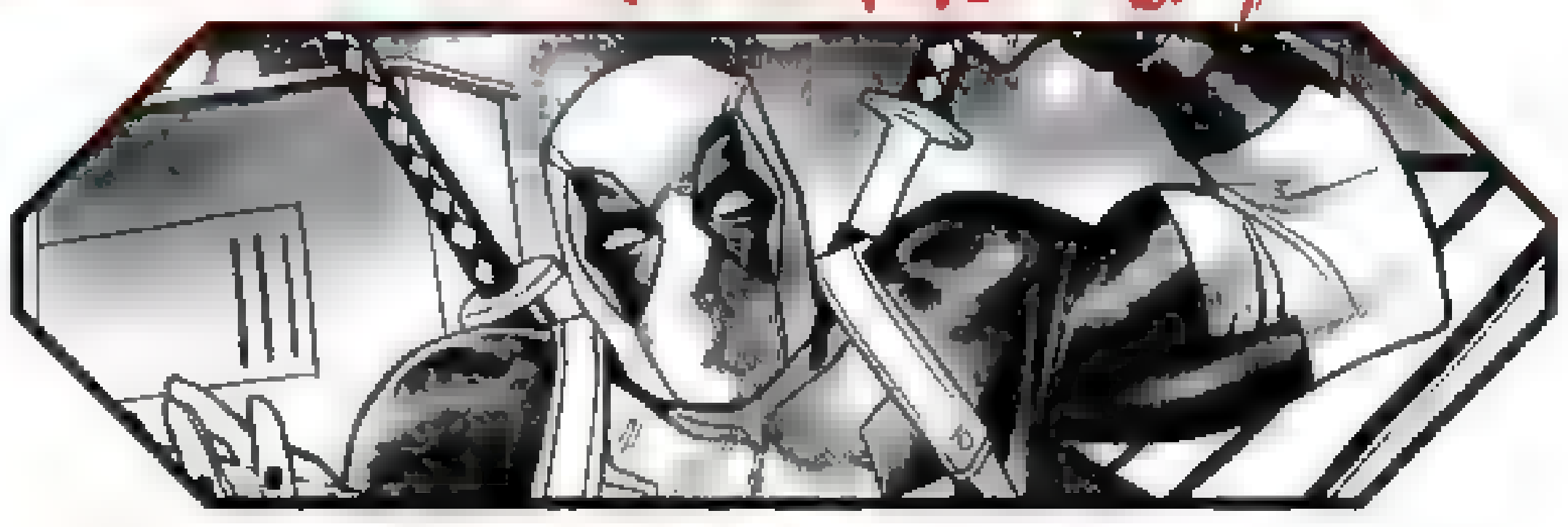
(ATELIER DOESN'T BELIEVE IN TRUE LOVE)

Meanwhile, as Deadpool and Valentine fight for their lives, Lady Deathstrike is fighting for her sanity, having been left to dogsit Deadpool's new symbiote dog, affectionately named Princess. I mean, how much trouble could a giant carnivorous pup get into?

(AND OUR LOVE!!!)

(THE BESTEST LITTLE GIRL IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD)

(IF SHE TAKES AT ALL AFTER HER FATHER, THEN THE ANSWER IS A LOT.)



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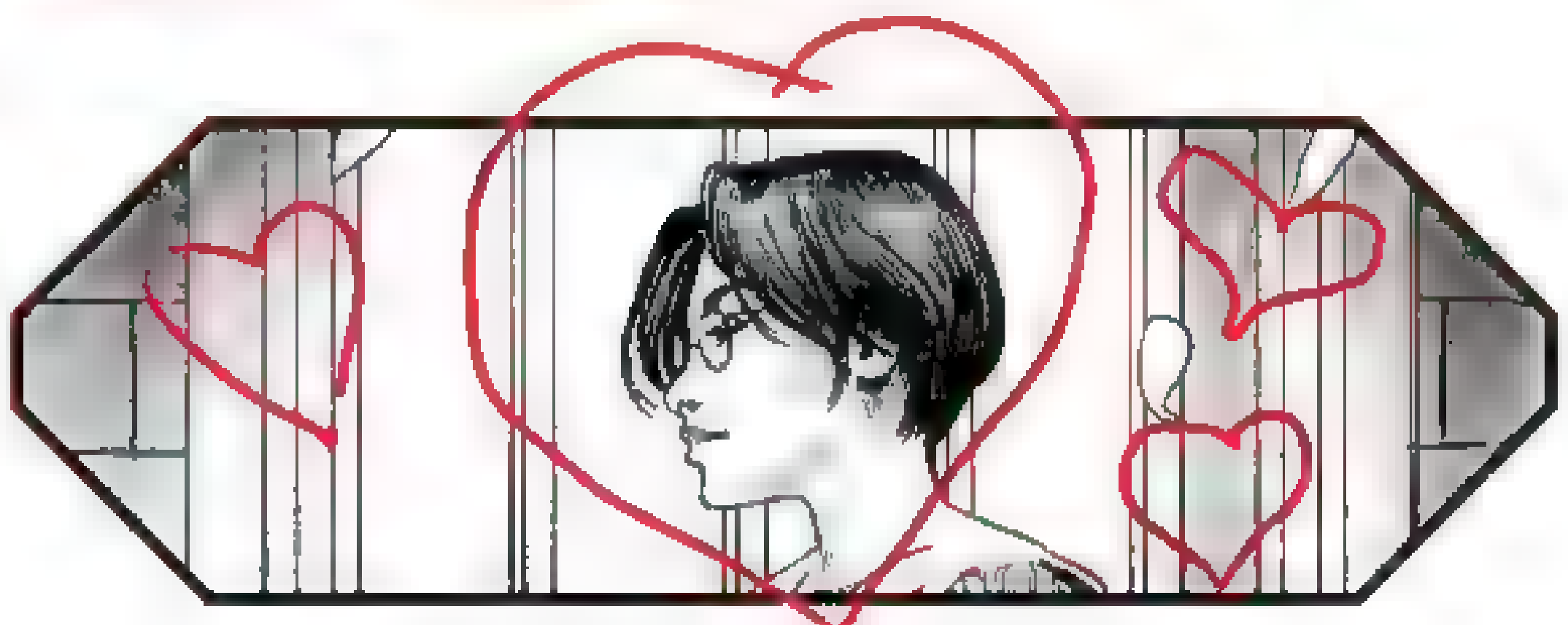
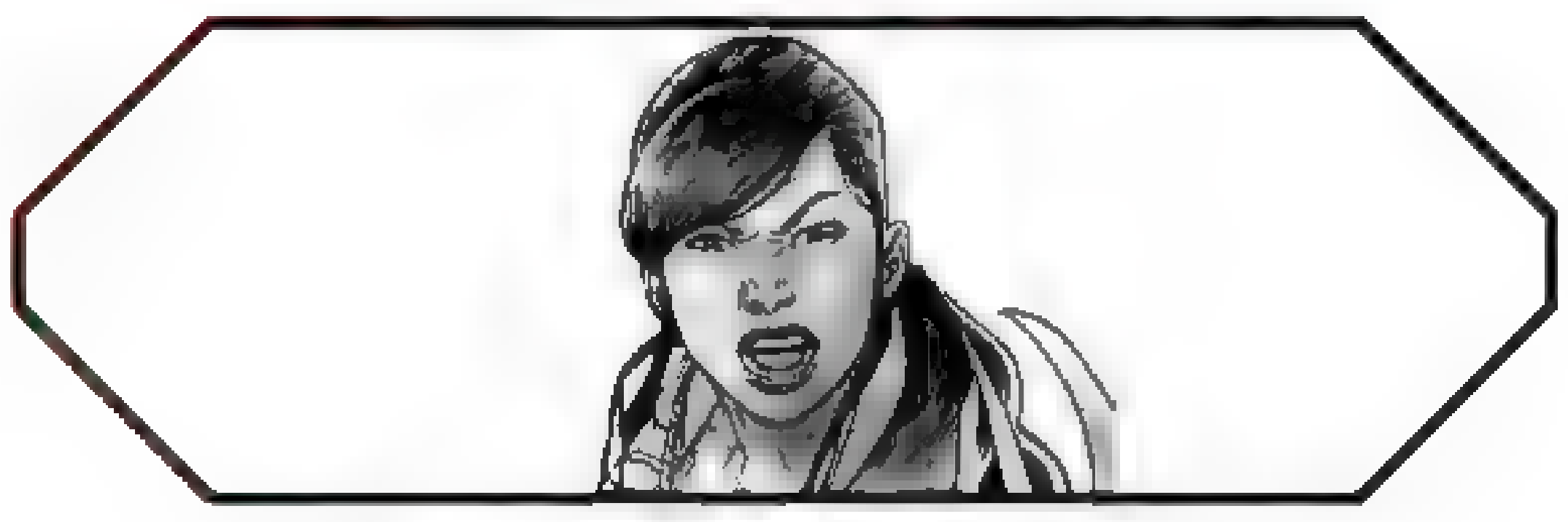
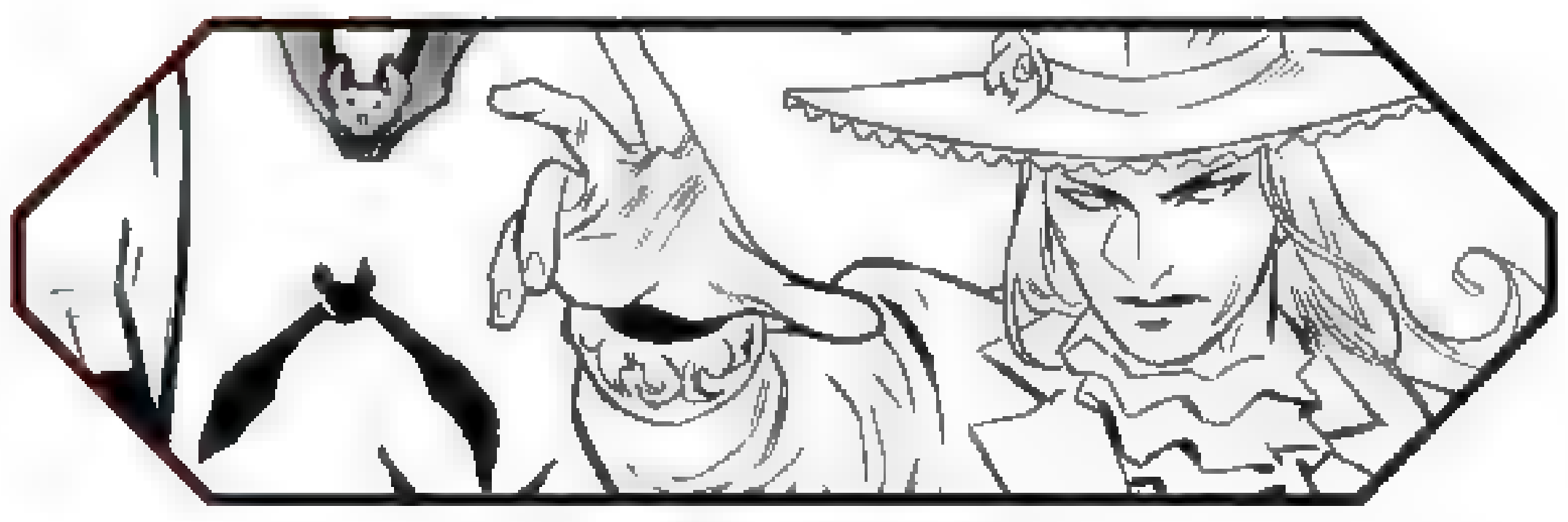


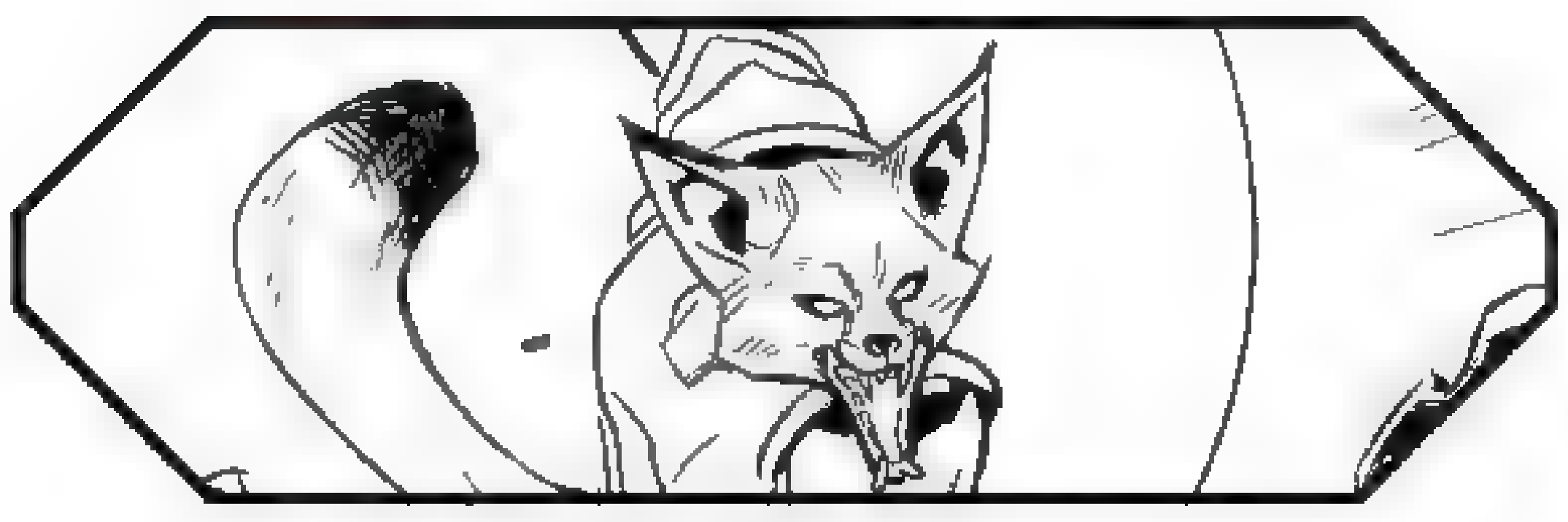
[VALENTINE VUONG]



[LADY DEATHSTRIKE]



[LAST BITE]



[RÄVHONA]

PLANETARIUM, now.
HEY, I KNOW YOU!
deadpool!
LAST_BITE (BUT BATS THIS TIME).
RÄVHONA (BUT FOX THIS TIME).
BETTER HOUSE & GARDENS
HOW TO MAKE YOUR PIES TASTE LIKE PIE THIS HOLIDAY SEASON
YOU'RE ON ALL THOSE MAGAZINE COVERS!
BETTER HOUSE AND GARDENS' VERY OWN BARGAIN-BIN LESTAT!
YOU MEAN GQ.
NO, I DEFINITELY MEAN BETTER HOUSE AND GARDENS.
I'M BANNED FROM, LIKE, SIX DIFFERENT HARRIS TEETERS FOR SHOPLIFTING THAT MAGAZINE, AND I GET MY GQs ONLINE.
I KNEW YOU COULDN'T GET A GQ BOOKING.
NOT ANOTHER WORD!

DAMMIT! I USED UP ALL MY GOOD *TWILIGHT* JOKES THREE ISSUES AGO!
SMASH
LUCKILY, I'VE BEEN READING AN **OBSCENE** AMOUNT OF PARANORMAL ROMANCE NOVELS.
SPEAKING OF OBSCENE, I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED-- DO **WEREFOXES** ALSO HAVE KNO--
NOPE.
SLAM
HEEEK...AW YEAH, SLAM ME INTO WALLS, BABY.
YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO HAVE A **BLUE JEEP** LAYING AROUND, WOULD YOU?
'CAUSE THAT WOULD JUST BE PERFECT--
SHUT UP, DEADPOOL.
UWAH!

A PLANETARIUM DATE?
THAT'S *CUTE*, VALENTINE.
WAS IT YOUR IDEA? OR HIS?
*NGH!*
DID YOU *MANIPULATE* HIM INTO IT AND MAKE HIM THINK IT WAS HIS IDEA?
THE WAY YOU *ALWAYS* DO?
DO YOU THINK HE'D *STILL* BE HERE IF HE KNEW WHAT YOU ARE?
KRASH
QUITE FRANKLY, *LAST BITE*, I DON'T THINK THAT'S ANY OF YOUR BUSINESS.
FWUSSH
KIIIIII!
SSSHHH
DEADPOOL! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

KRASH
YEP, I'M COMING!
YOUR GUNS AREN'T FILLED WITH SILVER BULLETS, ARE THEY?
OOF... NO, AND I THINK I LOST THEM IN THERE.
ALONG WITH THE *CHEERWINE*.
AND IT'S *DELICIOUS*.
YOU--! THAT'S *MINE!*
NOT ANYMORE.

OH, NOW IT'S **ON.**
I BOUGHT THOSE SODAS ***FULL PRICE!*** THEY WEREN'T EVEN ON SALE!
GRAH!
SHUNK
SOMETIMES YOU JUST WANNA DINE ON SOMETHING SPECIAL, YOU KNOW?
VUP
SHAK
AND THAT'S HOW TO MAKE YOUR ***BATS*** TASTE LIKE ***KEBABS*** THIS HOLIDAY SE--
SHAK
KRIIIK!
OW, OW, OWWW!
YOU'RE SO ***TINY!*** BUT SO ***VICIOUS!***
THIS IS LIKE BEING ATTACKED BY AN ***ANGRY PRESCHOOL!***

HEY, PUT ME DOWN!
STOP STRUGGLING, DEADPOOL.
LOOK INTO MY EYES.
FEEL YOUR WILL DRAIN AWAY...
SLIP
NOW YOU ARE MINE TO COMMAND.
YOU HAVE PRETTY EYES.
BUT I'VE SEEN BETTER.
POINK
GAH!
HRRRG...
FORTUNATELY AND UNFORTUNATELY, MIND CONTROL DOESN'T WORK ON ME.
BUMMER, RIGHT?
TAK

OH THE PLACES YOU'LL GO!: PNEUMATIC PRESSURE AND YOU
COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE.
YOU CAN'T *HIDE* FROM ME, VALENTINE.
*"PUFF THE MAGIC CANNON"?*
WHO *NAMED* THIS THING?
PUFF
ALL RIGHT, PUFF.
TIME TO MAKE YOU A *REAL DRAGON.*
I CAN *SMELL* YOU. LIKE *SYNTHETIC CHEMICALS* AND *OZONE.*
SHOW YOURSELF AND I'LL MAKE IT QUICK... FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE.
*HM?*

MEANWHILE...
JUST GO ALREADY, PRINCESS.
WE CAN'T GO HOME UNTIL YOU *POOP.*
MRRR.
YURIKO OYAMA,
*A.K.A. LADY DEATHSTRIKE.*
PRINCESS.
DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT. THESE ARE YOUR *DAD'S* RULES, NOT MINE.
I'M JUST THE *BABYSITTER.*
I CAN'T BELIEVE DEADPOOL WANTS *PHOTO PROOF* THAT SHE'S DEFECATED.
I HATE NEW-DAD ENERGY.
UGH
I KNOW YOU'RE WORRIED, PRINCESS, BUT I'M SURE DEADPOOL'S FINE.
IT'S IMPORTANT FOR ADULTS TO GET *ALONE TIME* WITH THEIR *SPECIAL FRIENDS.*
SO PLEASE, *PLEASE* JUST POOP SO WE CAN GO HOME. I'M NOT TAKING YOU ON THE SUBWAY UNTIL YOU--

KA-BOOOOM
YOU'VE GOT TO BE *KIDDING* ME!
HEY!
YANK
PAPA! PAPAAA!
GET BACK HERE!

[ 63% ]

**UGH**

online

Messages in this chat are encrypted and will automatically delete in 48 hours.

Friday

has princess gone potty yet? 6:46 P.M.

No. 7:00 P.M.

okay how about now? 7:01 P.M.

Still no. 7:10 P.M.

Aren't you on a date? Stop texting me. 7:11 P.M.

you promised princess photo updates!!! 7:12 P.M.

colon health is very important 7:12 P.M.

and I've never left her alone with a sitter before :( 7:13 P.M.

what if she forgets all about me ╥_╥ 7:13 P.M.

and decides she likes you better 7:13 P.M.

You're going to see her again in two hours. 7:20 P.M.

I'm also fairly sure a dog that came out of your liver is never going to like me more than it likes you. 7:21 P.M.

look I just need some reassurance okay 7:22 P.M.

Then you should have asked someone else to pet-sit. 7:44 P.M.

yeah you're about as nurturing as a M.O.D.O.K. lol 7:45 P.M.

ANYWAYY 7:46 P.M.

don't forget to text me updates!!!!!! (ﾉ◕ヮ◕)ﾉ*:･ﾟ✧ 7:46 P.M.

princess gets mad when she doesn't poop (ಥ﹏ಥ) 7:48 P.M.

seriously, text me updates 7:49 P.M.

hey, do you want me to add you to princess' digital photo album? then you can see all her cute pictures ϛ(☆ω☆)ϛ 7:52 P.M.

No. 7:53 P.M.

.......Yes. 11:32 P.M.

*"UGH" shared a link with you: ourfamilyphotoalbum.net/princess/faves*

How the hell do you have several hundred pictures of her already?! 11:35 P.M.

she´s very photogenic uwu 11:35 P.M.

WAIT, THIS ONE HAS ME IN IT. TAKE IT DOWN THIS INSTANT!!! 11:37 P.M.

IT LOOKS LIKE I HAVE FIVE CHINS 11:37 P.M.

lmaoooooo neverrrrrr 11:37 P.M.

FLAMMABLE AGENT, MEET PNEUMATIC CANNON.
I'M PRETTY SURE THIS SHOULDN'T BE A PLANETARIUM EXHIBIT, BUT I'M NOT COMPLAINING.
I SEE ARSON WASN'T JUST A CHILDHOOD PHASE FOR YOU.
WELL--
PAPA! HELLO, PAPA!
URF!
TRAMPLE
GGH...
ANYWAY, AS I WAS SAYING--
CHOOM

OOH, IT'S MY *LITTLE GIRL!*
MY LITTLE PRINCESS! HELLO, SWEETIE!
I AM HERE NOW TOO, PAPA!
SPARKLE
*NGH...* THAT CREATURE IS HEINOUS!
DON'T YOU TALK ABOUT MY ***ADORABLE DAUGHTER*** LIKE THAT!

PAPA SAYS I AM A STAR.
RIPPLE
HE SAYS I AM A BEAUTIFUL MENACE.
AND THAT I AM A GROWING GIRL WHO NEEDS HER VITAMINS.
NNOO--
SNAP
ARE BONES VITAMINS?
THEY'VE GOT CALCIUM, I GUESS?
NOW I HAVE A LOT OF CALCIUM.

MRR?
ONE URBAN-FANTASY RIP-OFF DOWN, ONE TO GO.
I'M GUESSING WE HAVE TEN MINUTES OR SO BEFORE THE FIRE BRIGADE ARRIVES, SO WE'D BETTER WRAP THINGS UP QUICK.
LET'S SEE... WHAT'S A SUITABLY COOL, HEROIC WAY TO FINISH THIS OFF? I'M STILL ON A DATE, SO I WANT TO IMPRESS.
DING
YOU'RE A GENIUS.
OKAY, LET ME GET INTO CHARACTER.
AHEM.
MRR!
I AM THE PRETTY GUARDIAN.
WHO FIGHTS FOR LOVE! AND FOR JUSTICE!
AND NOW, IN THE NAME OF THE MOON--
SLASH

--I'LL PUNISH YOU!
KA-KRAAASH

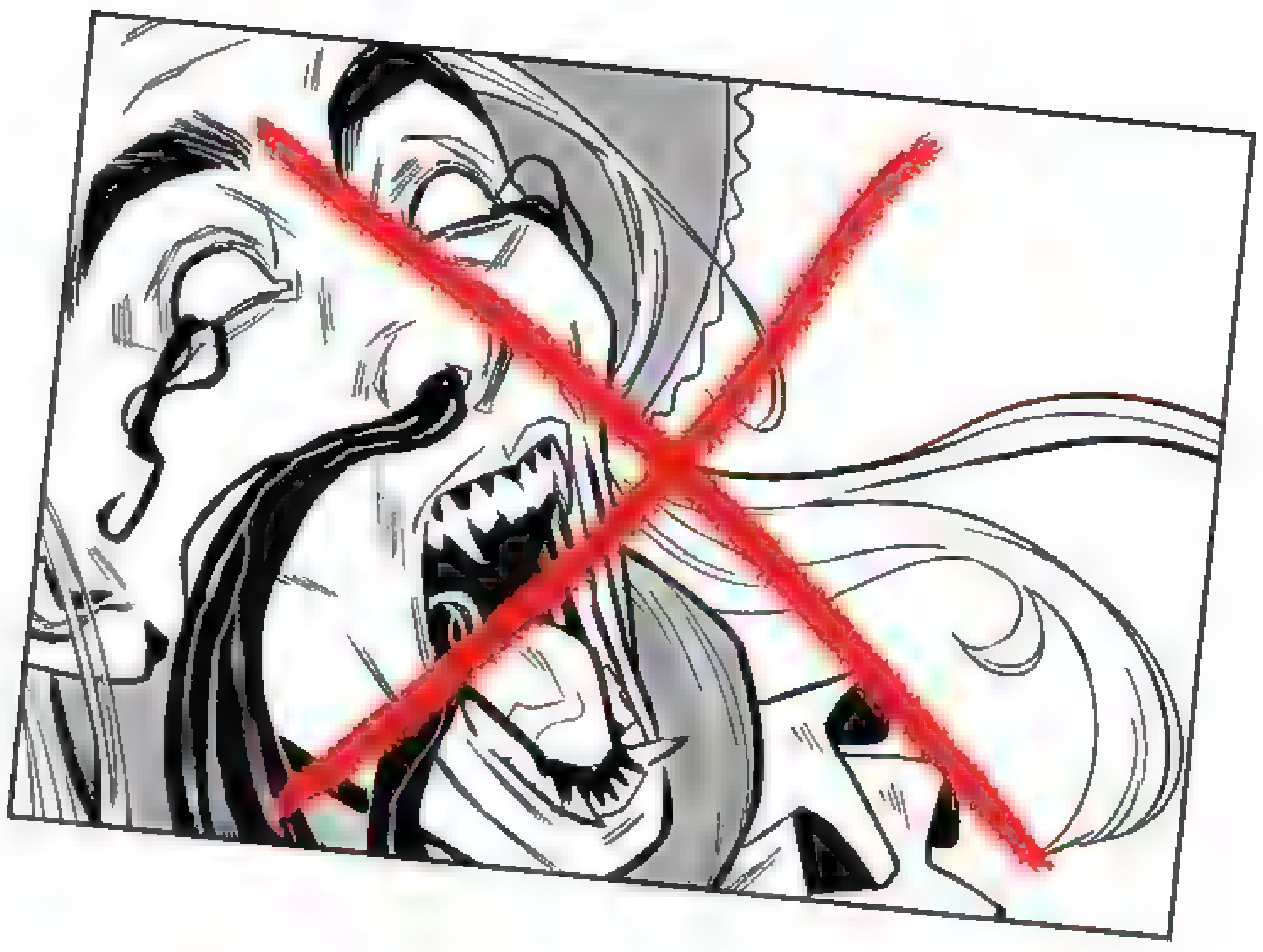
MY WORK HERE IS DONE.
ARE YOU OKAY, VALENTINE?
LITTLE BURNED, BUT FINE. YOU?
MY SPINE'S REALIGNING. AND REALLY, WHAT MORE COULD A GUY ASK FOR?
SORRY ABOUT MY FORMER CO-WORKERS CRASHING OUR DATE.
"FORMER"?
YEAH, IT'S... A *WHOLE THING.* I'LL EXPLAIN, BUT WE SHOULD GO BEFORE WE GET *ARRESTED.*
FREEZE! NYPD!
DROP YOUR WEAPONS AND PUT YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR!
OOPS.

YOU KNOW WHAT I ALWAYS SAY: THE BEST WAY TO GET TO ***KNOW*** SOMEONE IS TO GET ***ARRESTED*** WITH THEM.
AND SO FAR, IT'S HELD TRUE.
NYPD
98348532
DEADPOOL
NYPD
23897654
VALENTINE VUONG
FLOWERS? CANDLELIT DINNERS? I ***LOVE*** THAT STUFF.
BUT YOU CAN'T ARGUE WITH HOLDING-CELL CHEMISTRY.
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT BEING ***CONFINED TOGETHER*** IN A ***SMALL SPACE*** AFTER COMMITTING A ***LONG LIST OF CRIMES*** THAT JUST FEELS...***MAGICAL.***
SO, YEAH, MY DATE WITH VALENTINE DIDN'T GO AS PLANNED.
BUT I WOULDN'T CHANGE A ***SINGLE THING.****
AND WE'RE ALREADY PLANNING THE ***NEXT*** ONE.
**SOME EXCEPTIONS MAY APPLY.*

ATELIER HQ.
THIS IS A *DISGRACE.*
SHF
LAST BITE AND RÄVHONA ARE *DEAD.*
DEADPOOL AND VALENTINE ARE *NOT.*
SO *WHO* IS GOING TO VOLUNTEER TO CLEAN UP THEIR MESS?
KILL CARD! KILL CARD!
I'LL GO WITH *ASTER.*
TWO DEATHS. *QUIET* OR *LOUD?*
AS QUIET AS YOU CAN MANAGE, *ALCAUDÓN.*
AND ONE LAST THING...

...BRING ME THE *DOG*.

# Profiles



NAME: Lavrenti Laurent

ALIAS: Last Bite

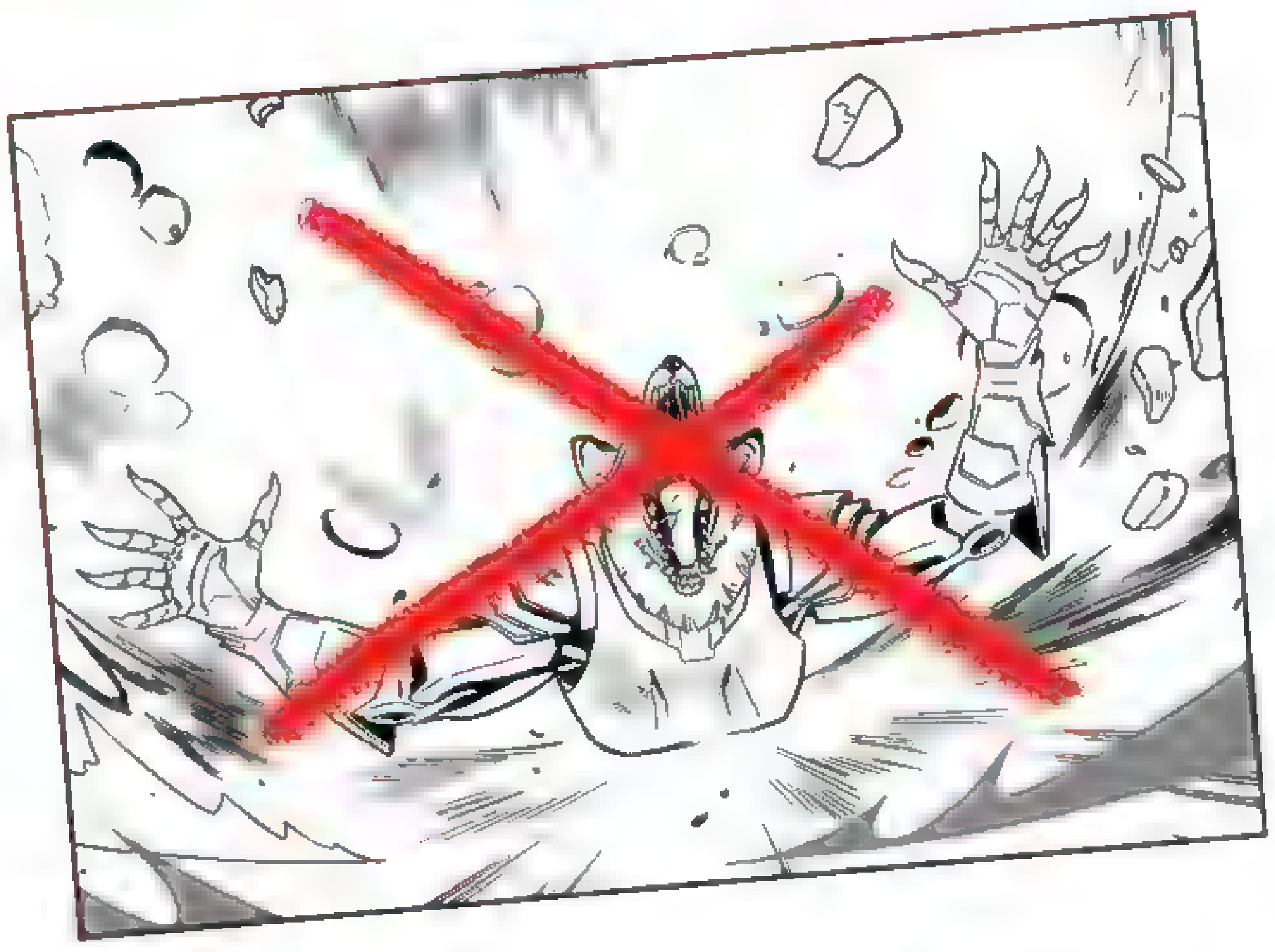
AFFILIATION: The Atelier

SPECIES: Vampire

DETAILS: Lavrenti Laurent is the author of their own legend. A self-styled fashionista and tastemaker, Laurent had a successful international modeling career before being recruited to join the Atelier. Laurent continued to model on the side. They claimed to be an ageless, centuries-young vampire, but it is equally likely that they were bitten in the mid-1980s and are just obsessed with *Interview with the Vampire.*

APPARENT CAUSE OF DEATH: Eaten by a giant dog(?).

I WONDER IF LAST BITE WAS A REFERENCE TO THE WHOLE
VAMPIRE THING OR THE WHOLE BETTER HOUSE AND GARDENS THING?
HOPEFULLY THE FIRST ONE, BECAUSE THOSE PIES WERE FOUL.



NAME: Genevieve Göransson

ALIAS: Rävhona

AFFILIATION: The Atelier

SPECIES: Werefox

DETAILS: Genevieve Göransson was born into a family of werefoxes. A former competitive child gymnast, her career was tragically cut short when her family was involved in a horrific circus-related accident. She was the sole survivor. Göransson was taken in by the Atelier not long after, making her one of the youngest recruits in the organization’s history. Her cybernetic limbs were designed to accommodate her shape-shifting.

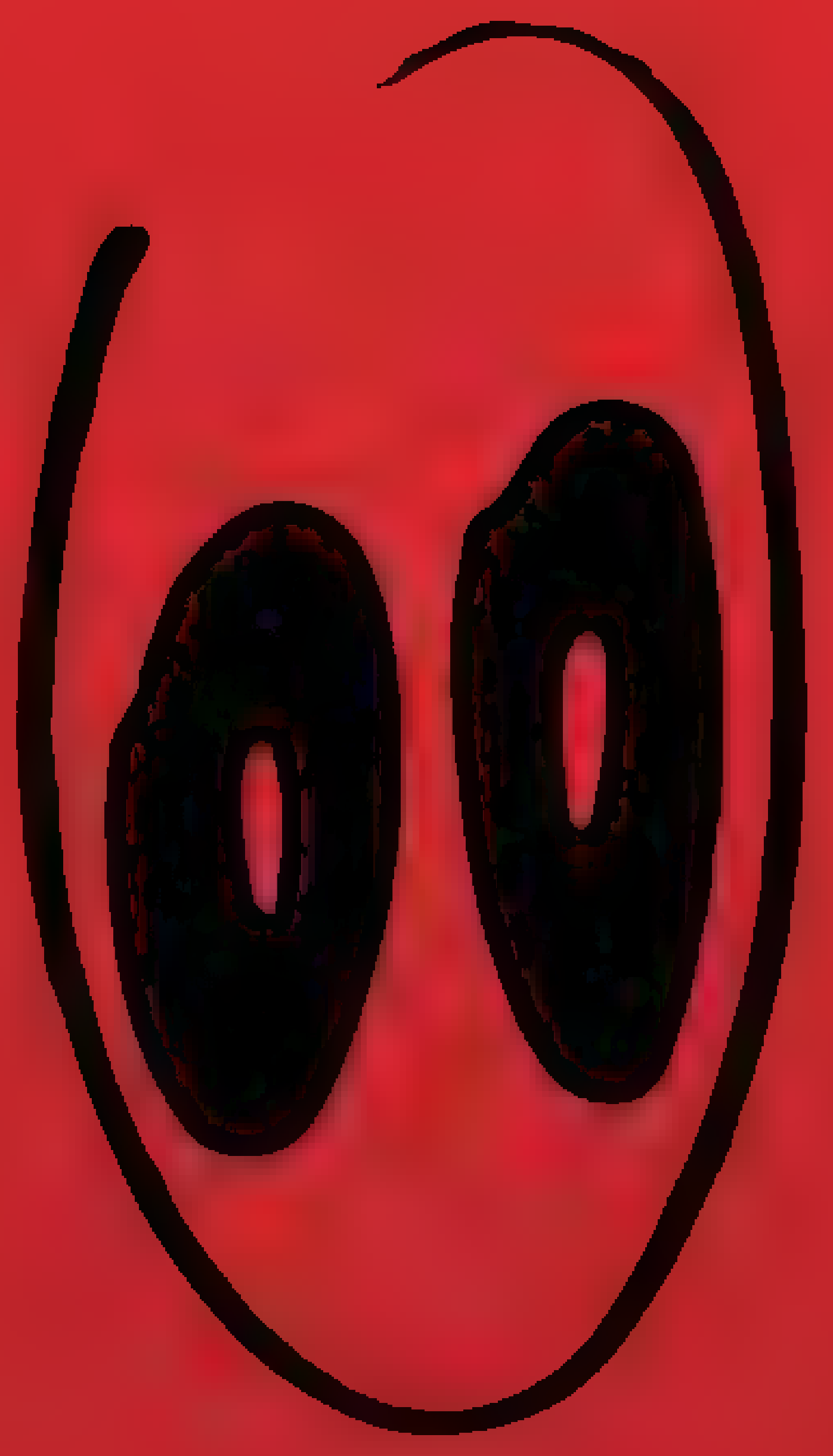
APPARENT CAUSE OF DEATH: Crushed by a model moon in a planetarium (not to scale).

SURPRISINGLY BUFF FOR A FOX! NOT THAT I'M COMPLAINING.
I NEVER DID GET MY WEREFOX QUESTIONS ANSWERED...

MARTIN
COCCOLO

[X-DP08]

# Chapter 08



# Under the Skin

# 8

TO: [redacted]
FROM: [redacted]
DATE: [redacted]
SUBJECT: ELLIE

Wade,

I've been keeping tabs on the kid, just like you asked me. She's doing all right. Her grades are good, her family is...as good as they can be. They're settling in.

You should write to her.

I'm serious. I know you think she doesn't want to see you or know you. But you need to give her the chance to make her own decision instead of beating yourself up and hiding from your responsibility.

If you can't forgive yourself enough to do it, then do it for her.

-- Cable

PAPA!
HEY, WAKE UP!
COME ON, YOU *PROMISED* YOU'D TAKE ME TO THE AQUARIUM TODAY!
WHUH...
*ELLIE?*
DUH.
ARE YOU GONNA SLEEP ALL DAY?
*BREAKFAST* IS READY! THEY'RE GONNA START WITHOUT US IF YOU DON'T HURRY UP!
WAIT...
MY HANDS... THESE AREN'T MY HANDS.
THEY'RE... *NORMAL*.

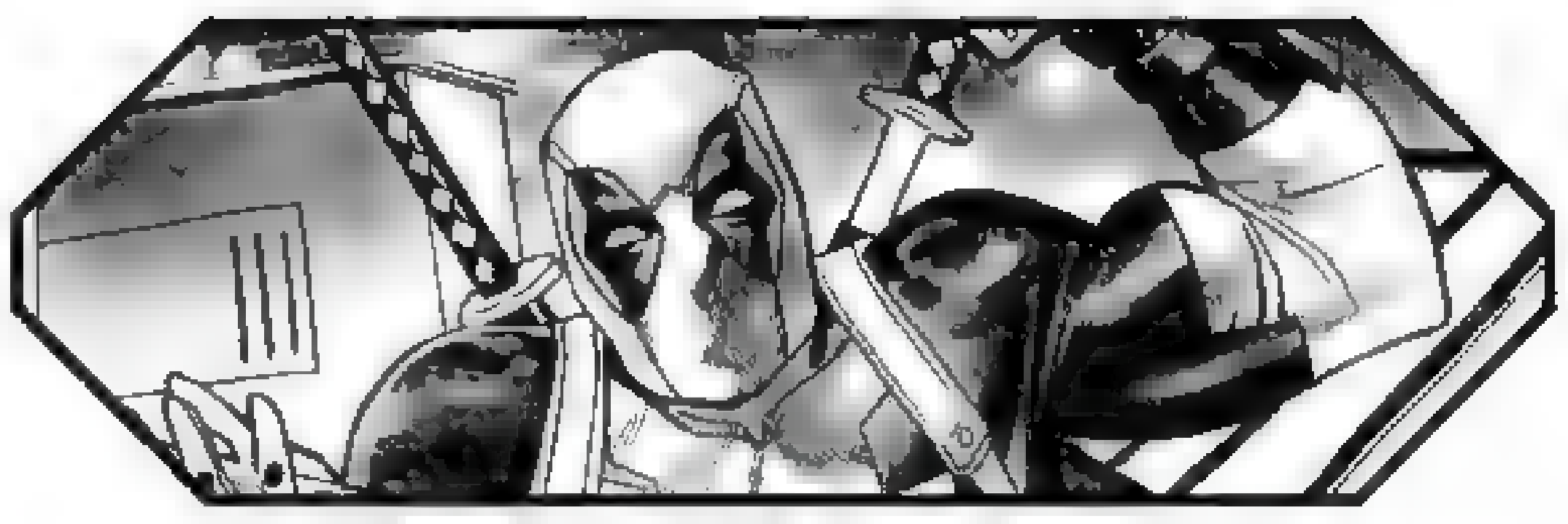
WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO ME?

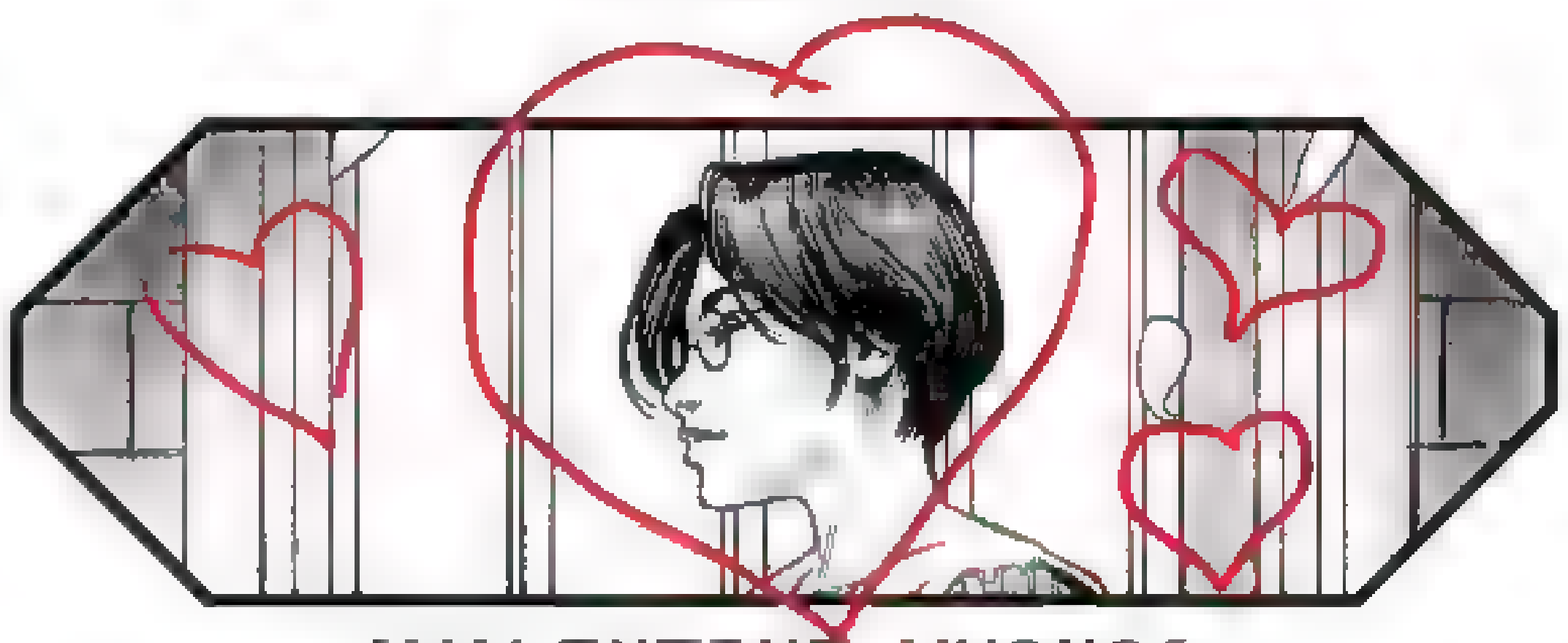
OH GOD, MY FACE!
IS THIS SOME KIND OF SKIN DISEASE?!
LET'S! GO!
I BROUGHT HIM!
GOOD MORNING, SLEEPYHEAD.
GRAB A SEAT-- THE PANCAKES ARE ALMOST DONE.
SPIDER-MAN.
CABLE.
WOLVERINE.
THWIP
DOMINO.

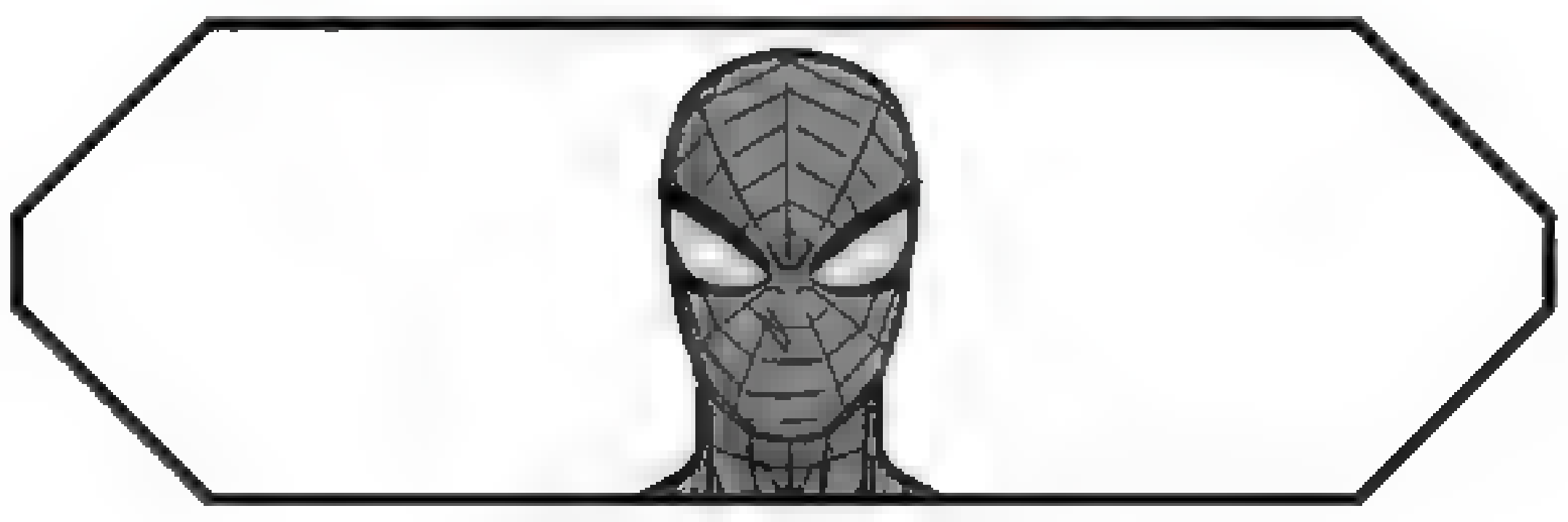
# DEADPOOL

## YO! ASTER AND ALCAUDÓN ARE ON DECK. WILL THEY KNOCK IT OUT OF THE PARK? READ ON!

Nope -- nothing wrong here! Just a normal day for Wade Wilson -- A.K.A. the regenerating degenerate Deadpool, father of Ellie, pancake connoisseur and roommate of Cable, Spider-Man, Wolverine and Domino! Totally completely normal and perfect. No giant symbiote dog rampaging around mucking things up. No former assassin paramours causing troubles with their former employeer. And certainly no target hanging on Wade's back. That would be insane.


[DEADPOOL]


[VALENTINE VUONG]


[SPIDER-MAN]

[CABLE]

[WOLVERINE]

[DOMINO]

CABLE?! YOU CAN COOK?!
YOU'VE BEEN HOLDING OUT ON ME!
AND DOMINO... WOLVIE...SPIDEY? WHY ARE YOU ALL IN MY HOUSE?
IT'S A SATURDAY TRADITION.
SHUT UP AND EAT YOUR PANCAKES.
PLAP
UNCLE CABLE! YOU MADE CAT-CAKES!
ANYTHING FOR MY LITTLE PRINCESS.
PRINCESS...
MY LITTLE... PRINCESS?
MAPLE SHYRUP, WADE? ISH THE REAL SHTUFF!
NO THANKS, BABE.
I'M THINKING, AND IT'S VERY DIFFICULT.
I FEEL LIKE I'M MISSING SOMETHING...
...OTHER THAN MORE BACON ON MY PLATE.

THAT'S A *CONCUSSION* FOR YOU.
*TASKMASTER* HITS LIKE A TRUCK.
UHHH, WHEN DID I *FIGHT TASKMASTER?*
YESTERDAY?
WE *ALL* DID. AS THE *FABULOUS FIVE*, REMEMBER?
THIS IS A *TEAM BOOK NOW?!*
DUDE, YOU'RE KILLING ME--WE'VE BEEN TOGETHER FOR YEARS!
YOU KNOW HOW HE IS, UNCLE SPIDEY. HE FORGETS THINGS ALL THE TIME.
I--I DON'T...
HAVE SOME COFFEE. IT'LL WAKE YOU UP.
NO.
WHERE'S *VALENTINE?*

YOU TELL ME, WADE.
WHERE *IS* VALENTINE?
GOING SOMEWHERE, WADE?
YOU'RE BREAKING MY HEART.
SIT DOWN, PAL, OR I'LL *PIN* YOUR HANDS TO THE TABLE.
SNIKT
CLATTER
WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST TIME, WOLVIE!
I'D SAY "*BUY ME DINNER FIRST,*" BUT ***MORNING-AFTER BREAKFAST*** IS A CLASSIC FOR A REASON!
KRASH
GHH!
*I'M* THE ONE WHO MADE YOU BREAKFAST, SO I THINK THAT MEANS I'M THE ONE WHO GETS TO *TAKE YOU OUT!*
ELLIE! DUCK!
CHOOM CHOOM CHOOM CHOOM
YOU OKAY, SWEETIE?
***EVIL BOBBY FLAY*** OVER HERE'S GOT ALL THE CORNY JOKES, PLUS A ***VERY BIG GUN*** HE WASN'T HOLDING A SECOND AGO.
HOW IS HE ***DOING*** THAT?

THAK
WHO CARES?
I DO, ACTUALLY!
I'M FULL OF QUESTIONS AND **EXTREMELY INVESTED** IN THE ANSWERS!
TELL ME WHERE YOUR *DOG* IS!
*SPILL* AND I WON'T *EAT* YOUR FACE OFF.
SHUP
TINK
WE HAVEN'T EATEN EACH OTHER'S FACES IN YEARS!
SHOVE
AND REALLY?
IN FRONT OF MY ***KID?!***
MMPH!
HAVE SOME **DECENCY!**
RICH COMING FROM ME, BUT THERE'S A FIRST TIME FOR EVERYTHING!

THWAK
AAH!
NO!
STAY, DON'T STRAY.
YANK
ELLIE, RUN!
SPLAK
SPLAK
YOU KNOW, I'M PRETTY SURE I PITCHED THIS EXACT SCENARIO LAST TIME I SAW YOU.
AND YOU TURNED ME DOWN.
SO WHOEVER YOU ARE...
...YOU'RE NOT MY SPIDEY.
MM... I COULD BE.
I COULD BE WHATEVER YOU WANT.
NAH, I DON'T DO SUBSTITUTES.
I'M NOT REALLY A DIET SODA KINDA GUY.

RRIIIP
YEAAARGH! 'CAUSE I'M WORTH IT!
MY ARMS!
THEY'RE NORMAL AGAIN!
OH, I'M SO RELIEVED I COULD CRY!
NOW, WHY'D YOU HAVE TO GO AND DO THAT?
DO YOU KNOW HOW LONG IT TAKES TO MAKE FALSE SKIN?
SURPRISINGLY, YES?
PROBABLY NOT THIS RECIPE--MINE ALWAYS COMES OUT LUMPIER--BUT I DO RESPECT THE PROCESS.
RIIIP
I COULD MAKE YOUR WILDEST DREAMS COME TRUE, WADE--ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS GIVE ME YOUR SWEETHEART AND YOUR DOG.
SSSHP
NO CAN DO, PSEUDO PSPIDEY!

CAN I INTEREST YOU IN A **NICE, HARD GLOCK** INSTEAD?
BLAM
BLAM
KSSS
I'VE GOT A **WEAKNESS** FOR **SHAPE-SHIFTERS**, BUT THREATENING MY DOG IS **NOT** THE WAY TO MY HEART.
CLATTER
DON'T THINK I DON'T SEE YOU BACK THERE, WOLVIE.
UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU, YOU'RE **TOO TALL** AND **NOT NEARLY HANDSOME ENOUGH** TO BE THE REAL LOGAN.
KRNCH
KRNCH
I SHOULD HAVE PAID MORE ATTENTION DURING THE **ATELIER'S** NEW-ASSASSIN ORIENTATION, BECAUSE I HAVE **NO IDEA** WHICH FANCY MURDERER YOU ARE.
SOMEONE WITH **ILLUSION MAGIC, PROJECTION POWERS** OR A VERY CONVINCING **3D GOLEM PRINTER?**
BLAM BLAM
SLASH
ARGHH!
SHAKK
JUST KIDDING.
CLICK

BLAM
DROP THE GUN, DEADPOOL.
I LOVE THAT YOU'RE NOT EVEN PRETENDING ANYMORE.
KNOW HOW I KNOW YOU'RE NOT THE REAL CABLE?
I REALLY DON'T CA--
WELL, LET ME TELL YOU! IN GREAT DETAIL!
KE RAMEN ON THIS MISSION IN SIBERIA, AND HE MANAGED TO BURN THE WATER. I
N'T UNDERSTAND HOW THAT HAPPENED! THERE'S NO WAY HE KNOW HOW TO
AT-CAKES! REASON #54: I'VE NEVER SEEN CABLE MATERIA EFORE. IF HE
AT ABILITY, HE WOULD HAVE USED IT ON ME YEARS AGO. SO OF S NOT THE
LESS IT'S NEW? ANYWAY, REASON #55: CABLE IS ALLERGIC DON'T ACT
OW THIS, I'M JUST HYPOTHESIZING, BUT DO YOU WANT TO M ANAPHYL
I DON'T! SO WE'LL JUST HAVE TO ASSUME IT'S TR S...
HUMANS WERE A MISTAKE.
YEAH, PROBABLY.
KA-CHOOOM
WAAGH!

SHKK
AAGH!
♡Valentine Vuong♡
SWSH
WADE! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?!
VALENTINE! YOU'RE BACK!
SORRY, WALKING PRINCESS TOOK A LITTLE LONGER THAN I--
*GASP!*
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR FACE?!
O-OH, THIS? THIS IS...UH...
THIS...IS WHAT I USED TO LOOK LIKE. ISH.
ON A GOOD DAY.
I GET IT IF YOU LIKE THIS MORE, I MEAN. I CAN'T BLAME YOU...

WADE.
*THERE* YOU ARE.
I WANT TO SEE *YOU.*
THE *REAL* YOU. ONLY AND ALWAYS.
DADDY...! *HELP ME!*
SAVE ME FROM THE DOG MONSTER!
-*SIGH*- WE SHOULD PROBABLY DEAL WITH THAT.

PRINCESS, DOWN.
WAAH! I WAS SO SCARED, DADDY!
SHH, IT'S OKAY. YOU'RE SAFE NOW.
ELLIE, HOW'S YOUR MOM?
WH-WHAT? DADDY, I DON'T UNDERSTAND...
I HAVEN'T SEEN CARMELITA IN AGES. I JUST WANT TO KNOW IF SHE'S SAFE.
YEAH, SHE'S FINE?
OH, SWEETIE.
CARMELITA'S DEAD.
AND YOU'RE NOT MY DAUGHTER.
SHFF
SALT?!
NO! IT BURNS! WHY WOULD YOU DO THIS?!
LET ME GO! DADDY!
CURSE YOU! CURSE YOU!
I'LL EAT YOUR EYES AND TEAR OUT YOUR THROAT!
STOP IT! PLEASE! YOU'RE HURTING ME, DADDY!

H-HAH... SALT...TO KILL THE FAE. WHO...TAUGHT YOU THAT TRICK?
VALENTINE? TREACHEROUS WORM... I WOULD HAVE EATEN... YOUR PIECES...
ASTER.
BUT NOW ALL THREE OF YOU ARE IN THE SAME PLACE.
THE KILL IS YOURS... ALCAUDÓN.
SHAK
SHAK
SHAK
SHAK
SHAK
SHAK

GRAAAH!
THUD
FWOOOSH
alcaudón.
THERE SHE IS.
GRRRRRR...
HELLO, PUPPY.

SNAP
GET AWAY FROM MY PAPA!
WHOSH
I'M NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR PAPA, PUPPY.
I'M HERE FOR YOU.
SHUNK
GRAAAARHH!
LEAVE... PRINCESS... ALONE!
OH?
ONE OF THE *MICE* IS STILL ALIVE.
THAT'S... *HAH*... SORT OF MY ***DEAL***.
UNKILLABLE... HEALING...HANDSOME AND HILARIOUS... GUY.
SQUELCH
WHY...WHY AM I ***NOT HEALING?***

THE MOST *FASCINATING* *POISON.*
ONE GRAZE AND IT STOPS BLOOD FROM CLOTTING. IT SHUTS DOWN THE BODY'S ABILITY TO HEAL, ONE SYSTEM AT A TIME.
WHY DON'T YOU ASK YOUR *LITTLE LOVE* ABOUT IT?
THEY MADE IT *ESPECIALLY* FOR *YOU.*
VALENTINE...?
THUD
*HM,* THIS PUPPY IS MUCH *BIGGER* THAN I THOUGHT SHE'D BE.
I'LL NEED SOME HELP *TRANSPORTING* HER, DARLING.
WOULD YOU MIND?

MS. GINGKO.
SMASH!
STILL ASLEEP?
*OH*, DARLING. YOU NEVER CEASE TO AMAZE ME.
LET'S GIVE THE *EMPEROR* OUR GOOD NEWS.
WHOOSH

...WADE...
NGH... COME ON...
THAT WHICH CAN BE *MADE*...
...CAN BE *UNMADE*.
SHK
COME ON, WADE... PLEASE...
STAY... HERE.
STAY WITH ME.

# Profiles

HER ALIAS IS ALSO ASTER???

IS THIS A FAIRY THING? I WONDER IF IT'S ONE OF THOSE "TRUE NAMES HOLD POWER SO KEEP THEM SECRET" DEALS AND SHE JUST USES HER ALIAS EVERYWHERE.

OR MAYBE HER TRUE NAME IS ASTER AND SHE'S KIND OF AN IDIOT.

NAME: Aster

ALIAS: Aster

AFFILIATION: The Atelier

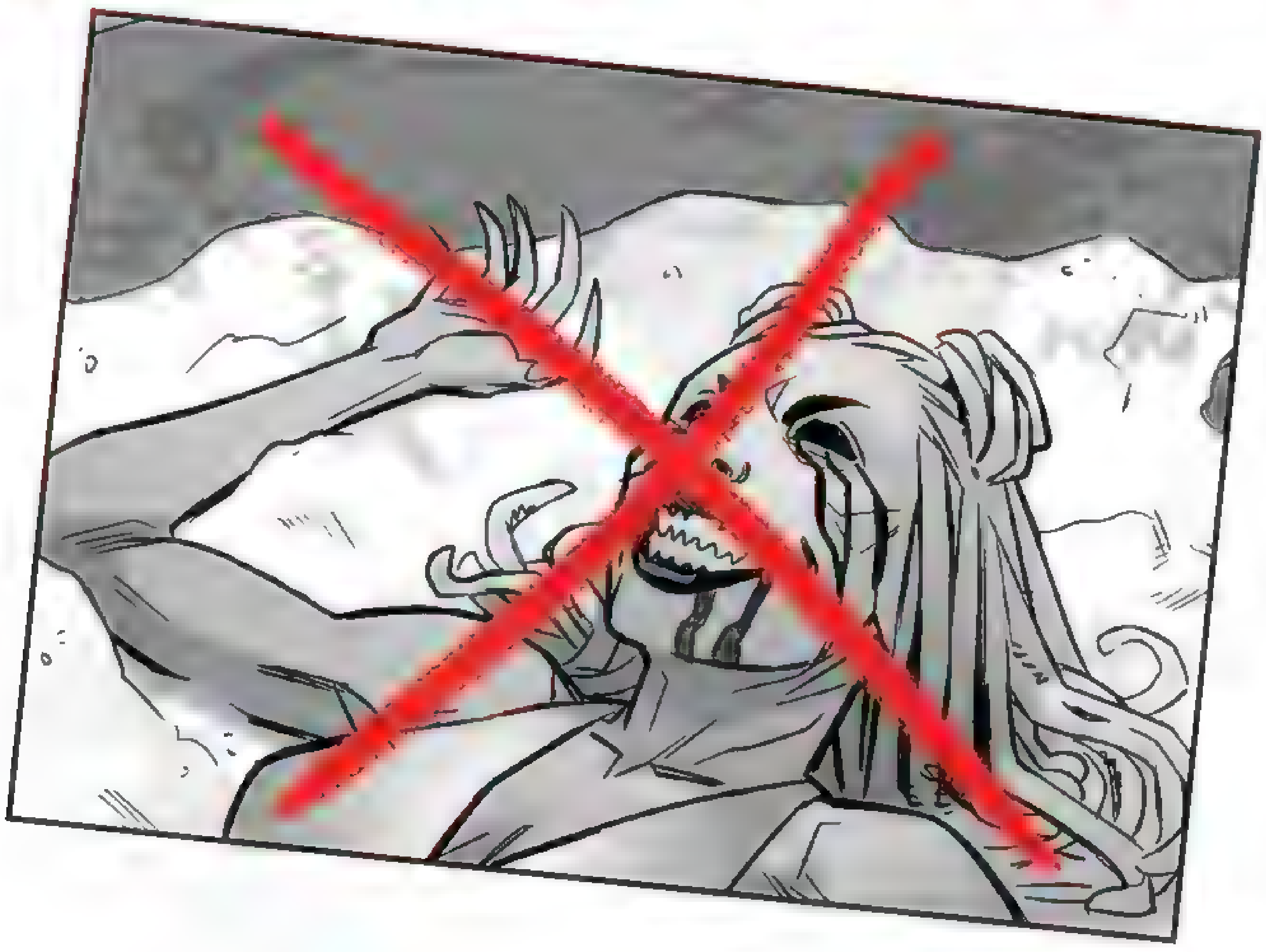
SPECIES: Fae

DETAILS: Aster is a master of fae enchantment and glamours. She was exiled from her homeland centuries ago but refuses to disclose why. Anyone who eats her fairy food falls into an eternal trance, unable to break free of her enchantment until they die. Vicious and mercurial like the rest of her species, only two gifts reliably placate Aster: milk and human flesh.

APPARENT CAUSE OF DEATH: Physically a-salted

THOSE CAT-CAKES LOOKED AND SMELLED DELICIOUS, BUT I'M GLAD I DIDN'T EAT THEM!

(THEY WERE PROBABLY MADE OF DIRT, ANYWAY.)



NAME:

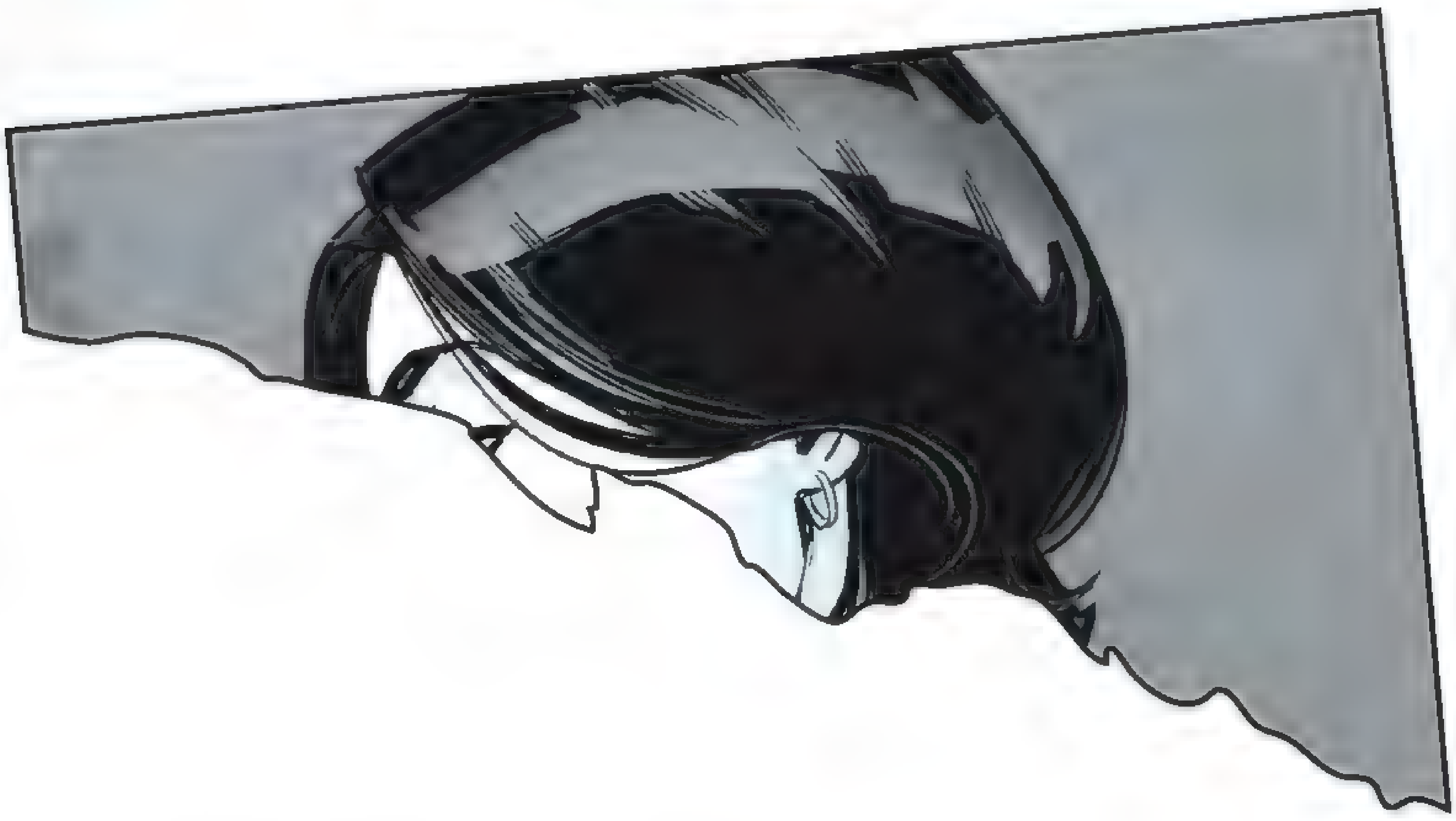
ALIAS:

AFFILIATION:

SPECIES:

DETAILS:

APPARENT CAUSE OF DEATH:

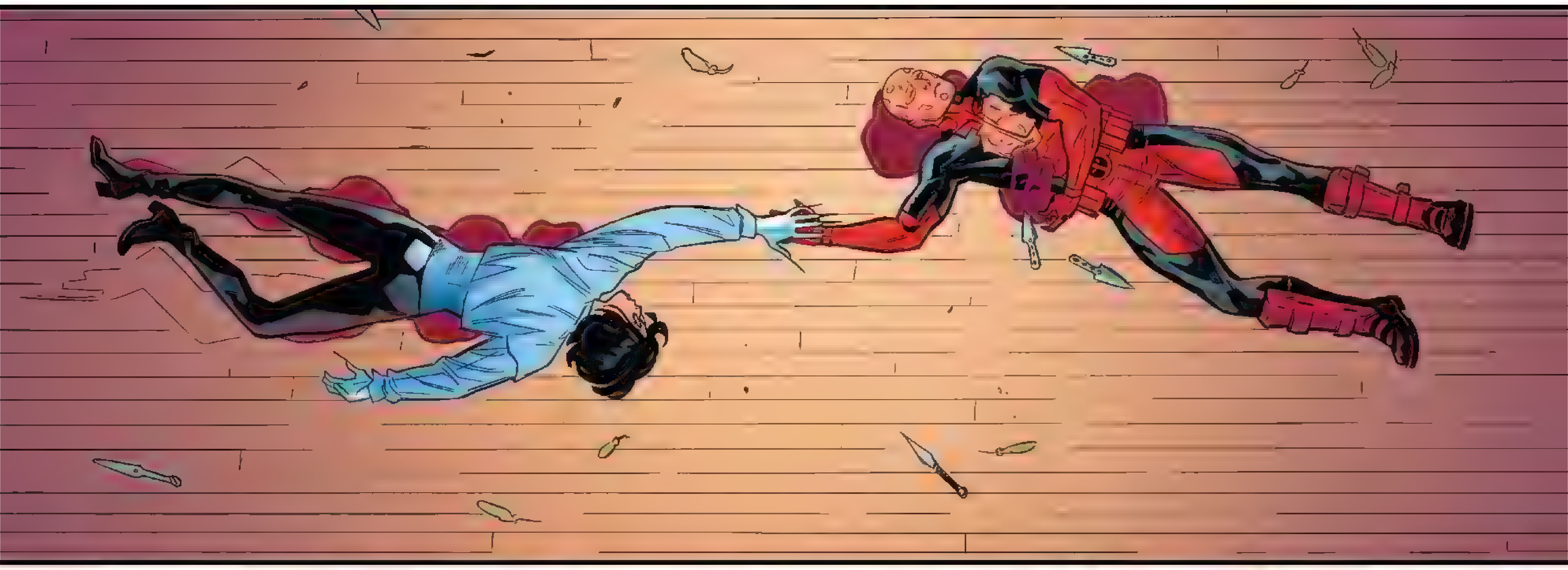


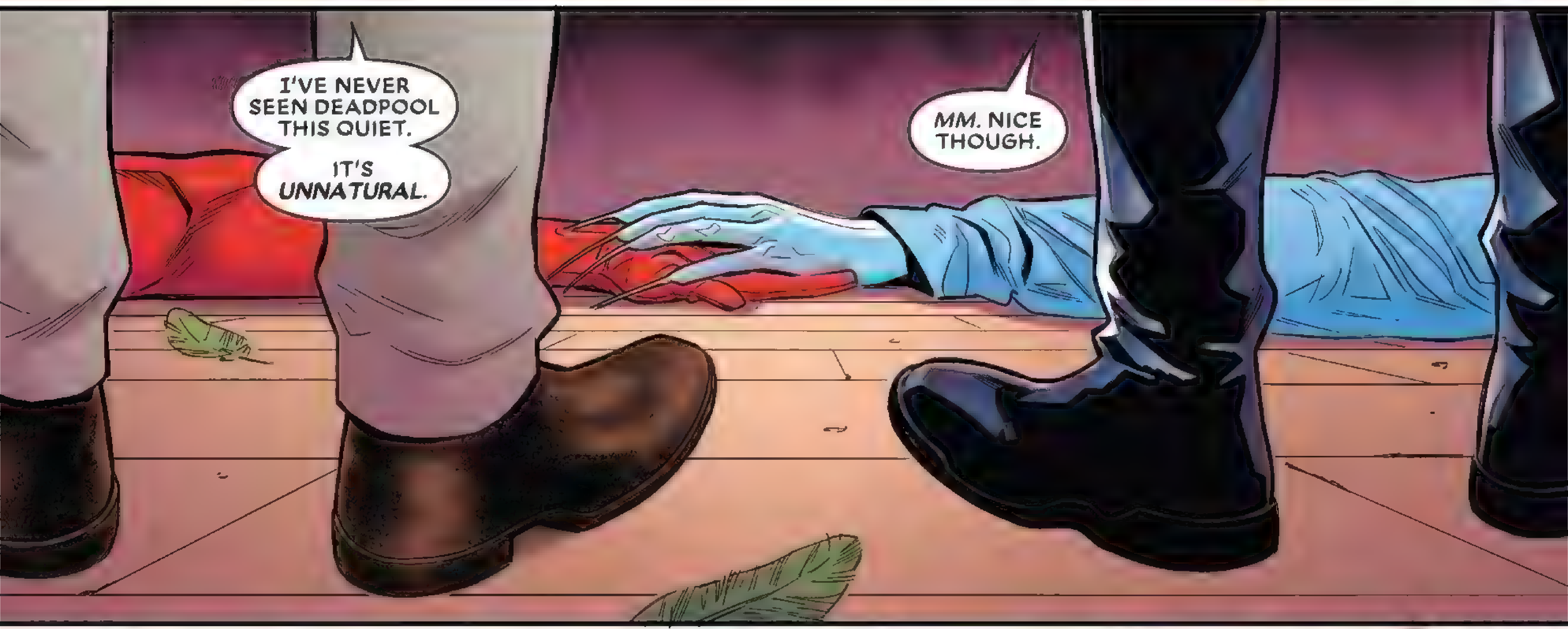
MARTÍN CÓCCOLO

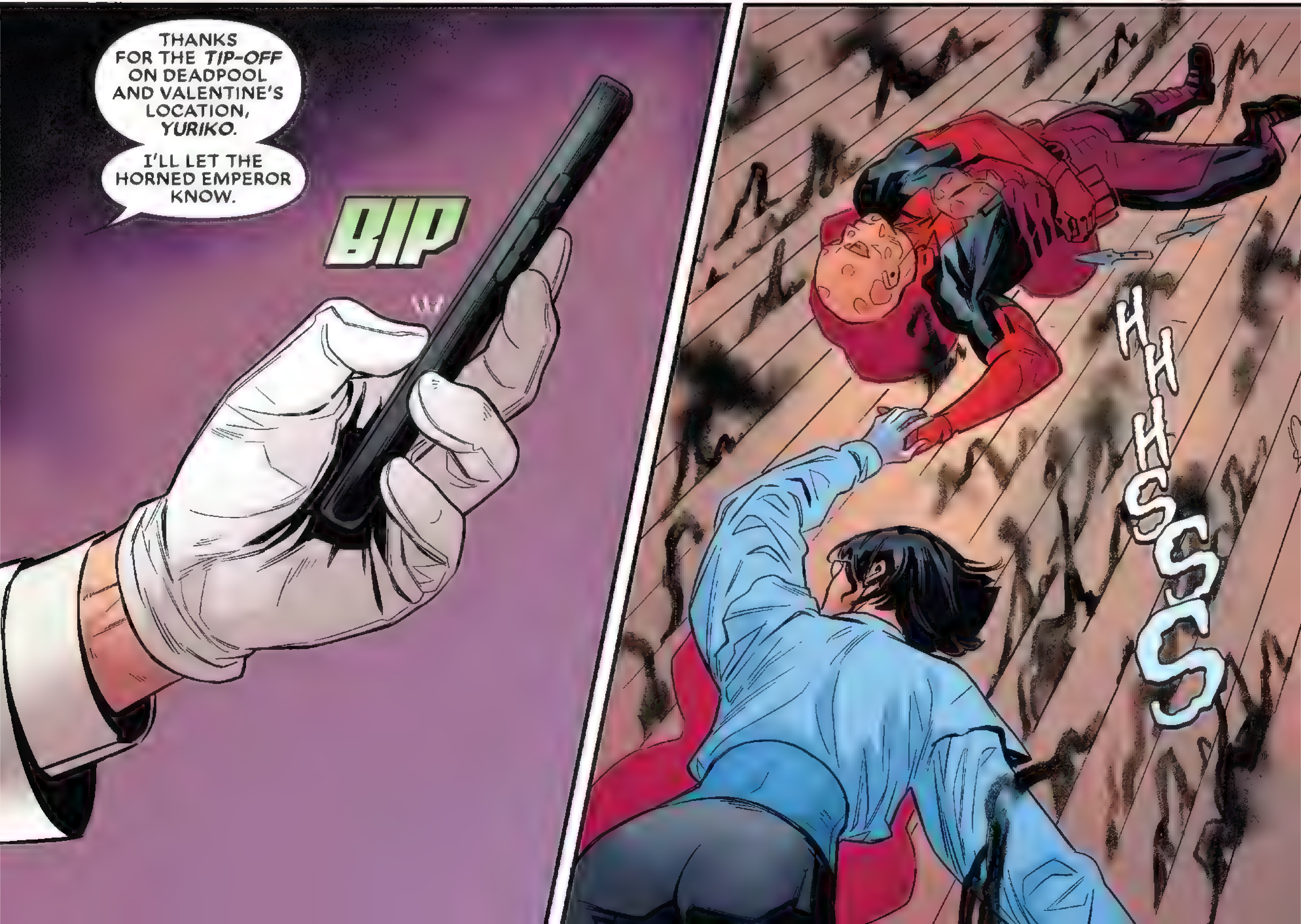
## Chapter 09

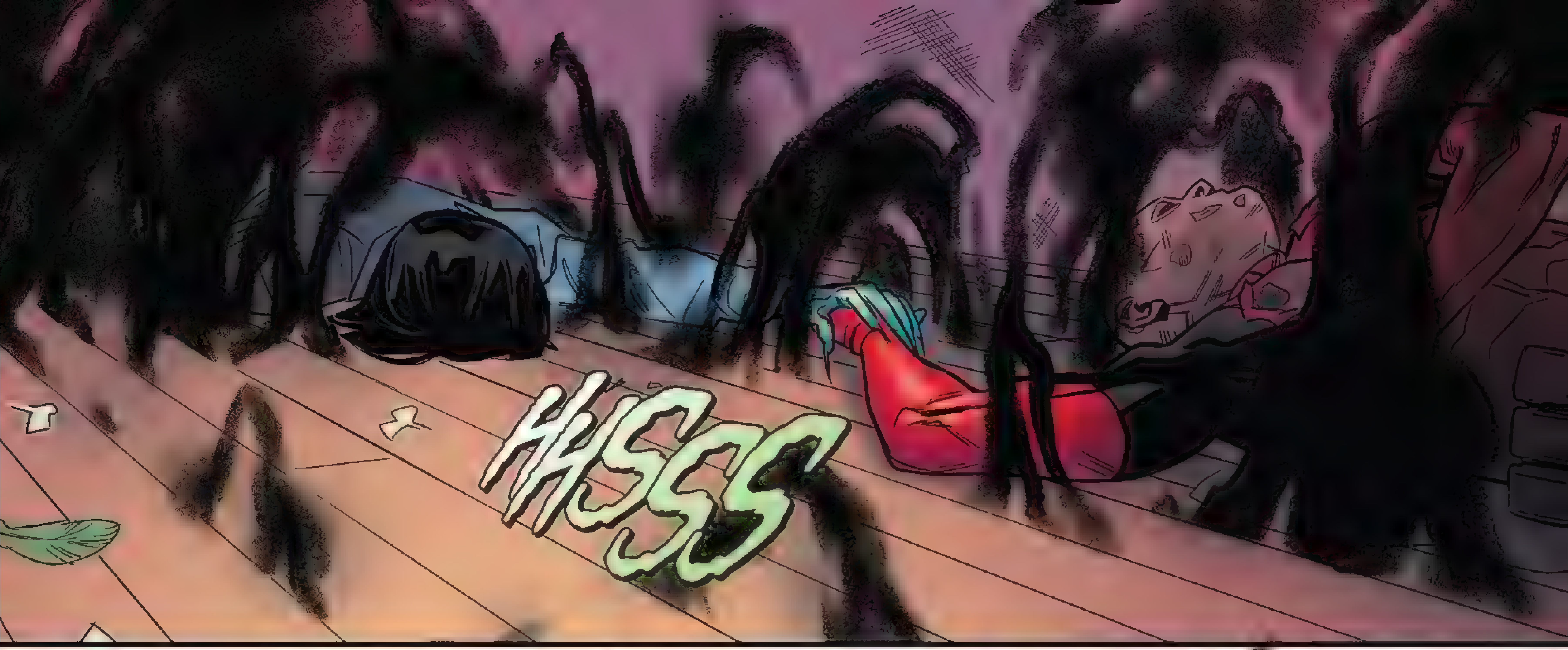
# Heart to Heart

## 9

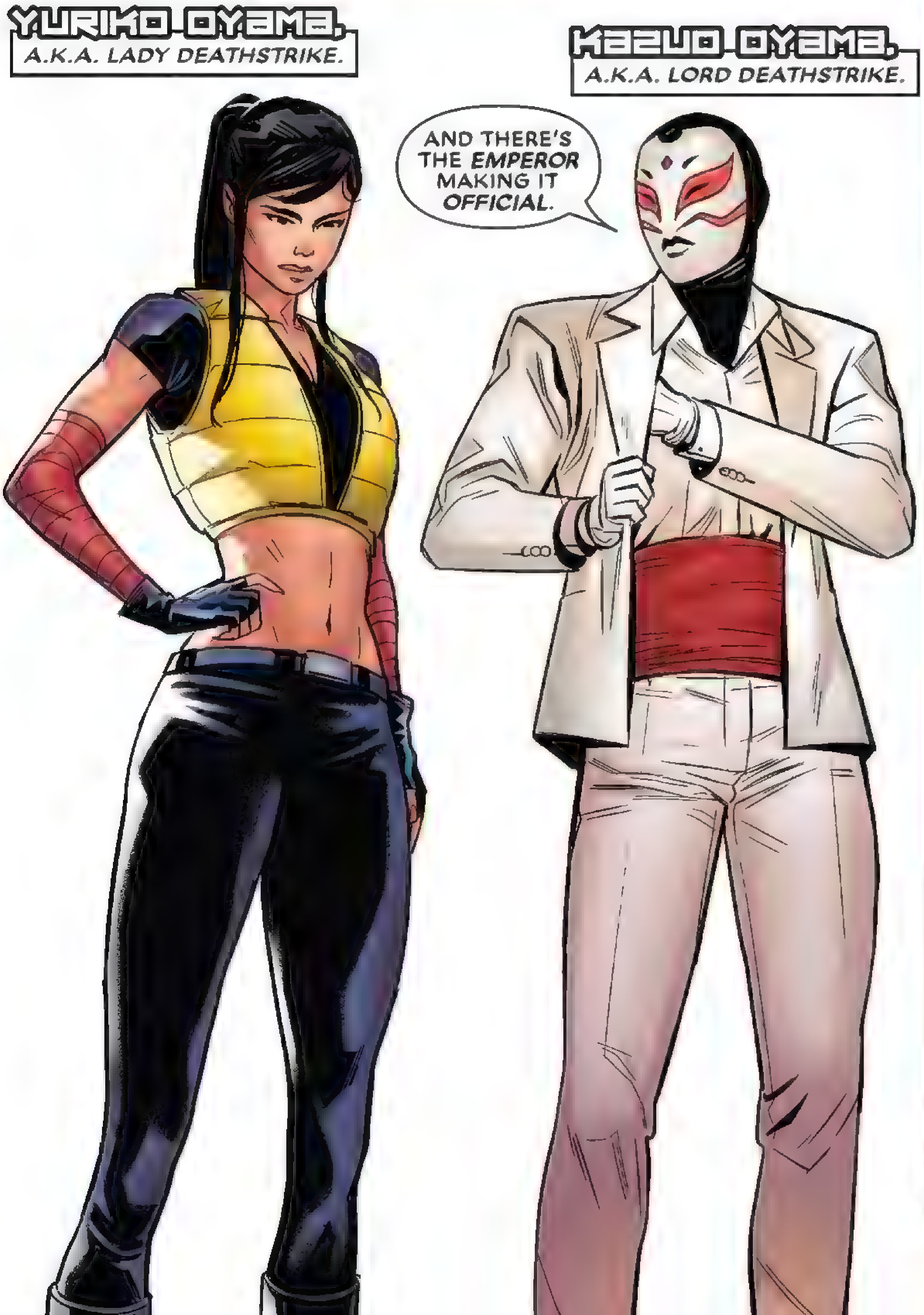


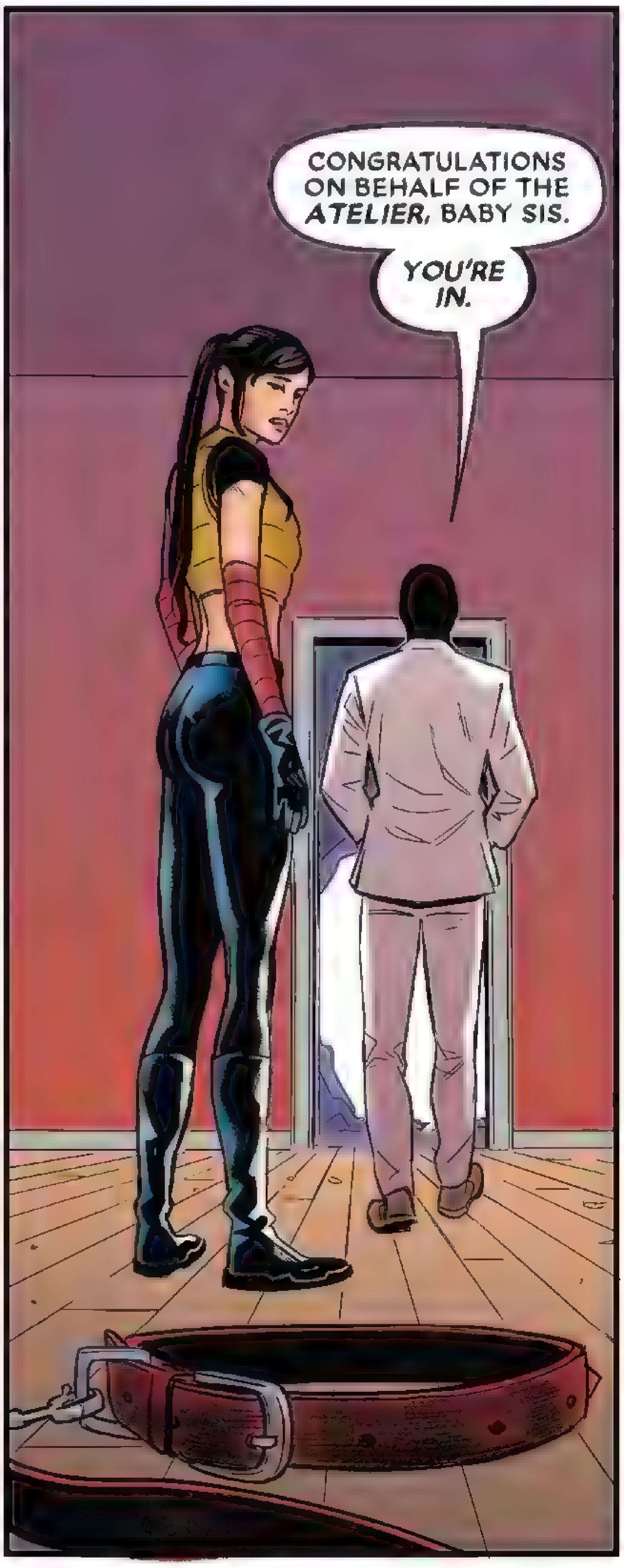

I'VE NEVER SEEN DEADPOOL THIS QUIET.
IT'S *UNNATURAL.*
*MM.* NICE THOUGH.


THANKS FOR THE *TIP-OFF* ON DEADPOOL AND VALENTINE'S LOCATION, *YURIKO.*
I'LL LET THE HORNED EMPEROR KNOW.
BIP
HHHSSSS


KHSSS

SSSSH


YURIKO OYAMA,
A.K.A. LADY DEATHSTRIKE.
KAZUO OYAMA,
A.K.A. LORD DEATHSTRIKE.
AND THERE'S THE *EMPEROR* MAKING IT *OFFICIAL*.


CONGRATULATIONS ON BEHALF OF THE *ATELIER*, BABY SIS.
YOU'RE IN.

# DEADPOOL

## BETRAYED?! WHO WOULD HAVE SEEN THIS COMING? THE WATCHER?!

Deadpool's in the hot seat now as Atelier's attempts to capture the giant symbiote dog that Deadpool incubated in his chest as a result of the Harrower's experiments have escalated rapidly. Together, Deadpool and former Atelier agent Valentine Vuong managed to fend off the first wave of assassins, but fell to Alcaudón and Ms. Gingko. Now, trapped, de-armed, betrayed by Lady Deathstrike and at the Atelier's mercy, things aren't looking too good for these two star-crossed lovers.

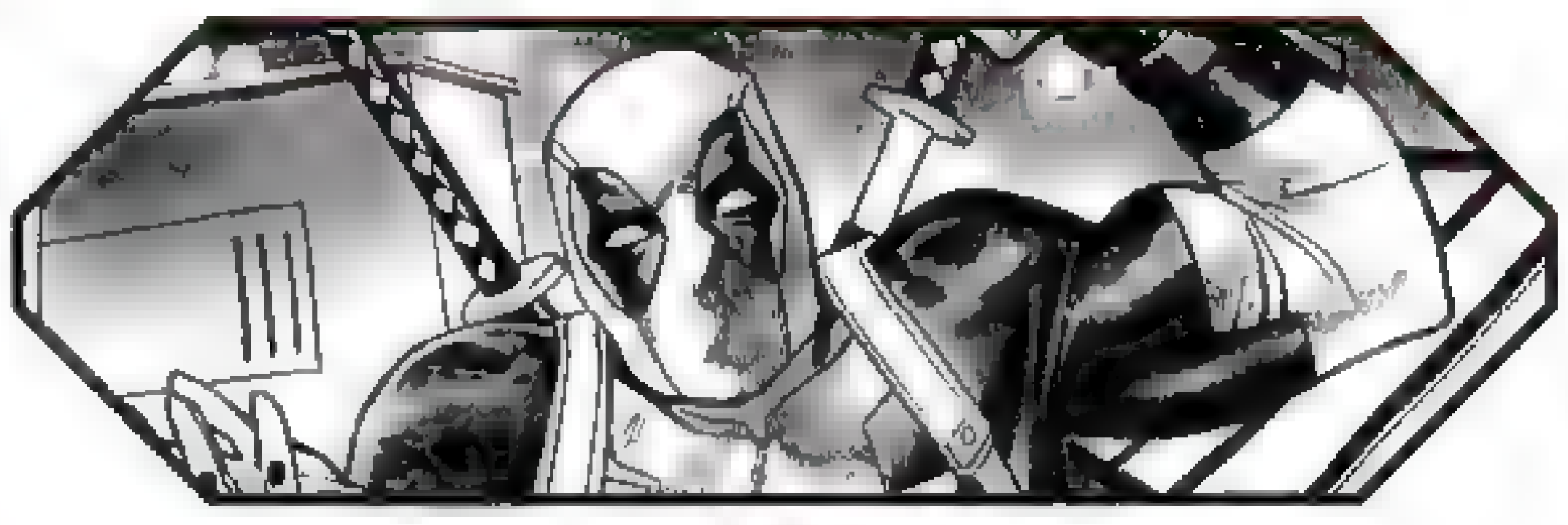
I MEAN WITH AN ASS LIKE THIS, ANY SEAT IS A HOT ONE— YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

I BETTER GET ONE HELL OF A MOTHER'S DAY GIFT NEXT YEAR IS ALL I'M SAYING...

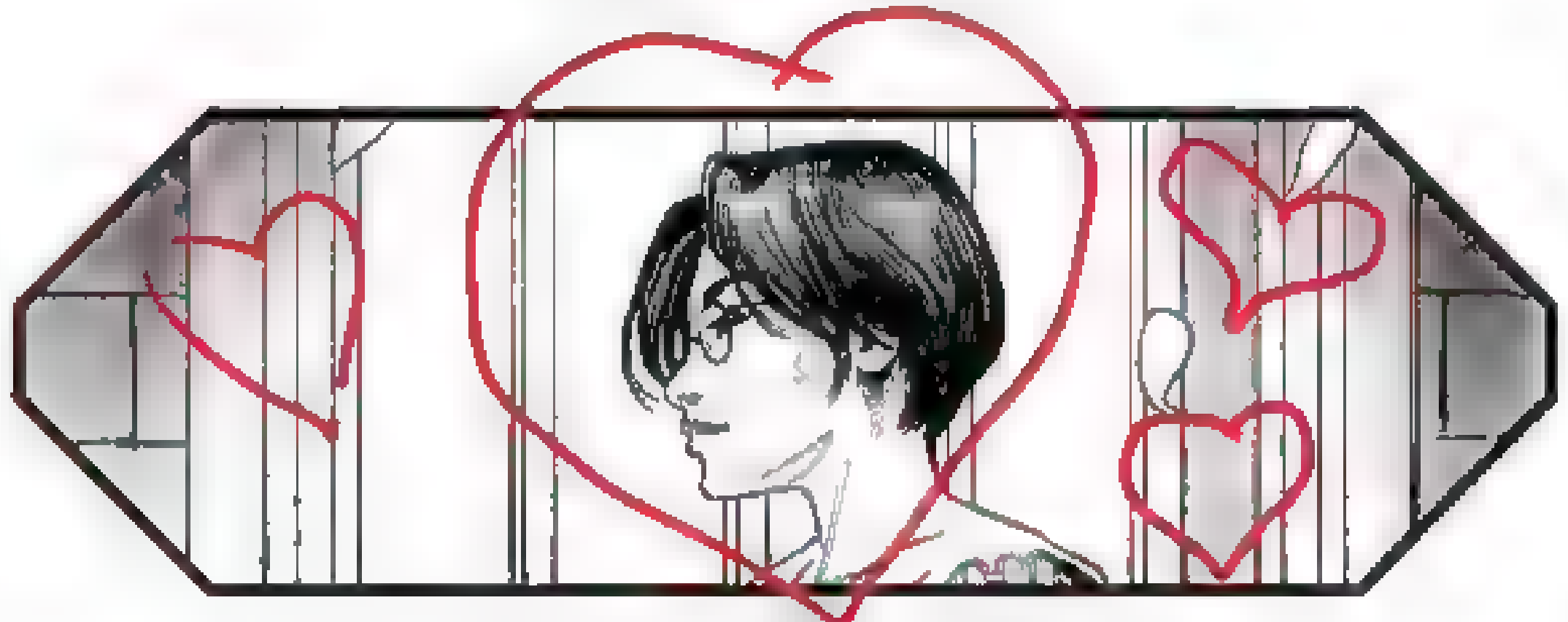
A.K.A. THE LOVE OF MY LIFE, A.K.A. MY HONEY BUNCHES OF OATS, A.K.A. SUGARBOOTS.

AND IN VALENTINE'S CASE, THAT'S QUITE LITERAL.

WHAT THE HELL, YURIKO???



[DEADPOOL]



[VALENTINE VUONG]

ATELIER HQ.
KRUNCH
AGH!
deadpool.

THE HORNED EMPEROR.
WE HAVE TO SAY, DEADPOOL, WE'RE *ENJOYING* THIS.
I THOUGHT I'D ENJOY THIS *MORE.*
I GUESS *DERANGED JACKALOPE* DOESN'T DO IT FOR ME.
KRAK
HAGK!
THIS CAN ALL BE OVER IF YOU CEDE CONTROL OF *PRINCESS* TO US.
RIGHT... BECAUSE THE LAST THING YOU NEED IS A *TRUCK-SIZED, MAN-EATING SYMBIOTE DOG* THAT WON'T DO WHAT YOU WANT.
GRRRAAR!
"UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU, I'VE *ALSO* GOT A TRUCK-SIZED, MAN-EATING SYMBIOTE DOG THAT WON'T DO WHAT I WANT.
"YOU'RE OUT OF LUCK, BUDDY."
KRRKZZZ

DON'T WORRY.
WE HAVE TIME.
SHAK
AARGG!
"TIME AND *SO MUCH MORE.*"
THUD
UGH!
KKZZ
*WADE!*
♥VALENTINE VUONG♥
HEY, ***VALENTINE.***
ARE YOU... *UH*...***PICKUP LINES*** TOO HARD TO THINK OF RIGHT NOW...
IT'S OKAY. LOOKS LIKE I WON'T BE PICKING UP MUCH OF ANYTHING EITHER.
DO... THOSE GROW BACK?
UM. UNFORTUNATELY, NO.

HOLD UP, BUT--I SAW **DOC OCK** SHATTER ONE OF YOUR ARMS AT THE ZOO!*
WHAT HAPPENED THEN?!
*DURING OUR VERY ROMANTIC FIRST DATE IN DEADPOOL #4!
THE HORNED EMPEROR ***RECONSTRUCTED*** THEM. WHAT A THING TO SEE.
LADY DEATHSTROKE! I MEAN ***DEATHSTRIKE!***
YOU'RE HERE TO ***RESCUE*** US!
...I'M KIDDING. YOU'RE CLEARLY ***NOT*** HERE TO RESCUE US.
UNLIKE YOU, DEADPOOL, I HAVE *LIFE GOALS*.
THE ***ATELIER*** IS ONE STEP CLOSER TO MAKING THOSE COME TRUE.
EXCUSE YOU, I ***TOTALLY*** HAVE LIFE GOALS!
SOMEDAY, I ***WILL*** BECOME MORE CHIMICHANGA THAN MAN, BMI-WISE!
YOU'RE GOING TO BECOME ***GROUND MEAT*** IF YOU DON'T COOPERATE WITH THE EMPEROR!
I DON'T CARE IF THEY KILL YOU.
BUT TRY TO GET YOUR $#%& TOGETHER FOR *PRINCESS'* SAKE.
CLINK

WHEN WE GET OUT OF HERE, SHE IS **NEVER** DOGSITTING AGAIN!
WAIT...THIS IS ONE OF MY *FINGERS.*
TINK
IF I HAVE MOST OF THE PIECES, I CAN *RECONSTRUCT* MY ARMS!
ARE YOU GONNA MAKE ***SUPERGLUE?!***
I'VE ONLY BEEN **ARM DUMPSTER DIVING** TWICE, BUT THE THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM.
FLIP
IF THE HORNED EMPEROR WAS SMART, THEY'D DISPOSE OF THE SHARDS.
BUT THAT MIST IS 80% *EGO.*
THEY'LL KEEP THE PIECES AS *LEVERAGE.* THAT'S WHAT THEY'VE *ALWAYS* DONE.
FWIP
SOOO... YOU KNOW THEM ***PRETTY WELL,*** HUH?
ARE YOU TWO ***"CLOSE"?***
I DON'T REMEMBER A TIME WITHOUT THEM.
THEY'RE THE FIRST PERSON I EVER TRIED TO KILL.
...WHO **ARE** YOU?
DOES IT MATTER ANYMORE?

GRRRRR...
PRINCESS.
SHUT UP, YOU UGLY DOG.
@#$&
DROP.
STOP TEASING THE SYMBIOTE, DROP.
THIS THING ATE *MIRROR!*
AND PROBABLY *LAST BITE* AND *RÄVHONA*, TOO!
TWO FRIDAYS AGO, IT ATE AN *ENTIRE CEMENT-MIXING TRUCK.*
BUT IF YOU WANT TO BE ITS NEXT SNACK, BE MY GUEST.
*TCH.*
GRRRRRRR...
*SHH.* IT'S OKAY, GIRL.
I'M GOING TO GET YOU OUT OF HERE.

I GREW UP IN THE ATELIER. IT'S AN OLD, *OLD* ORGANIZATION.
AND THE HORNED EMPEROR HAS BEEN THERE FROM THE VERY START.
"WHEN I WAS A KID, I LOOKED THROUGH THE ATELIER ARCHIVES.
"THE EMPEROR WAS IN EVERY SINGLE PICTURE, PAINTING, ETCHING. *EVERYTHING.*
"BY THE TIME I WAS 10, I KNEW I HAD TO GET OUT.
"I TRIED TO KILL THE EMPEROR THAT NIGHT.
"WHEN THEY CAUGHT ME, THEY *LAUGHED.* THEY WERE SO *PROUD* OF ME."
*YIKES.*
YEAH. THAT WAS A ROUGH YEAR.
ADD IN A *SURPRISE X-GENE* AND, "CONGRATS! YOUR HANDS ARE MADE OF GLASS AND NEEDLES!"
*MY POINT IS,* NO ONE LEAVES THE ATELIER.
WHY WOULD THEY? IT'S *GLAMOROUS. EXCLUSIVE. PERFECT.*
JUST LIKE *KRAKOA.*
THE ONLY WAY TO ESCAPE IS TO *COMPLETELY DESTROY* IT. AND THAT MEANS DESTROYING THE *EMPEROR.*
I'VE TRIED FOR YEARS. I CAN'T DO IT.
BUT *YOU* CAN.

YOU...YOU SET THIS ALL UP!
THE AUDITION, FAILING THE AUDITION, BEING HUNTED BY A HIGH-SCHOOL-STUDENT-COUNCIL-STYLE GAUNTLET OF ANIME ASSASSINS--
--YOU PLANNED EVERYTHING OUT SO I'D HAVE TO FIGHT THE FINAL BOSS FOR YOU!
I DIDN'T EXPECT THE DOG!
THAT'S BECAUSE NO ONE DOES!
AND I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU TO BE SO--
SO WHAT?!
--SO EASY TO FALL IN LOVE WITH, OKAY?!
WAIT, WHAT--?
IT WAS A HUGE MISCALCULATION ON MY PART!
SOME TRULY IDIOT-CLOWN $#%&!
BUT NO! YOU JUST HAD TO TREAT ME LIKE SOMEONE NORMAL!
NOT A WEAPON! NOT A KILLER! JUST A REGULAR PERSON WHO GOES ON ZOO DATES AND EATS EGGS AND WANTS TO SPEND TIME WITH YOU!
KLONK
OOF!
I MEAN, I WAS PRETTY SURE YOU WERE A KILLER THE FIRST TIME I SAW YOU.
BUT THAT'S A BONUS, NOT A DEAL-BREAKER.
ALSO, PLENTY OF KILLERS LOVE EGGS! I KNOW SO MANY PROFESSIONAL HIT MEN WITH LIFETIME WAFFLE HOUSE BANS.
POOMF
BASICALLY EVERYONE I'VE DATED HAS TRIED TO MURDER ME.
I'M MORE BAD IDEAS THAN CHIMICHANGAS THAN MAN. BUT I REALLY LIKE YOU, VAL.
CHU
PFF. ME TOO.
SPEAKING OF BAD IDEAS... I THINK I KNOW HOW TO BREAK US OUT.

RUMMBBLE
HM?
OUT OF THE WAY! ANIMAL CROSSING!
WHAT THE ?!
RRRUUMBLE
GAH!
STOMP

THESE DAYS, I FEEL LIKE A WHOLE BOX OF ANIMAL CRACKERS.
*THE HARROWER* REALLY LEFT CHUNKS OF ALL THESE THINGS INSIDE ME?
POF
"THAT'S A SOLID CASE OF MALPRACTICE IF I'VE EVER SEEN ONE."
THE HARROWER'S LAB, NYC.
...DID YOU *FEEL* SOMETHING?
KRII.
HUH.
SO IS INJECTING YOU WITH THE *GROWTH HYPERACCELERANT* I JUST SYNTHESIZED TO CUT THOSE THINGS OUT OF YOU.
"LUCKILY, I'M NOT *ACTUALLY* A DOCTOR."
"TOO BAD--I WAS ENJOYING BEING YOUR *SEXY PATIENT.*
"I GUESS THAT'S WHY GOD INVENTED ROLEPLAY."
CLICK
KA-BAM
CHARGE, MY MEATY CHILDREN!

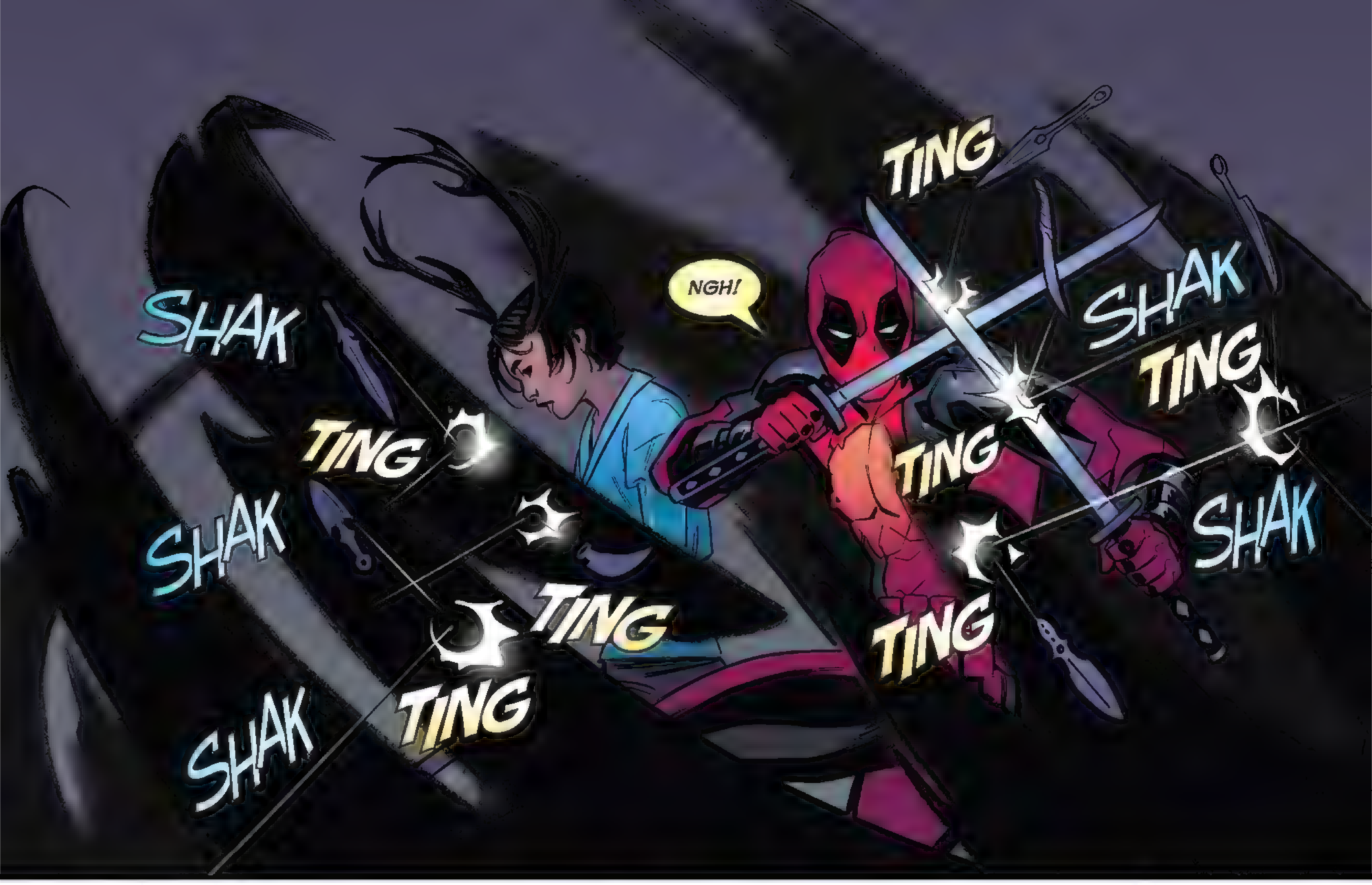
WHOA!
RRRIP
RIPP
RRRIP
YOU AGAIN.
WE WOULDN'T HAVE TO PUT YOU DOWN LIKE THE ANIMAL YOU ARE IF YOU *BEHAVED*, DEADPOOL.
SSHHHSS
THAT OPTION WENT OUT THE WINDOW THE *THIRD* TIME YOU CAVED IN MY RIBS.
I'M ONLY GOING TO ASK YOU ONE TIME--
--WHERE IS MY DOG DAUGHTER, YOU HORNY %@#&?!
DEADPOOL'S SWORDS--AND MY ARMS!
WADE, AIM FOR THE SPOT BETWEEN THEIR ANTLERS!

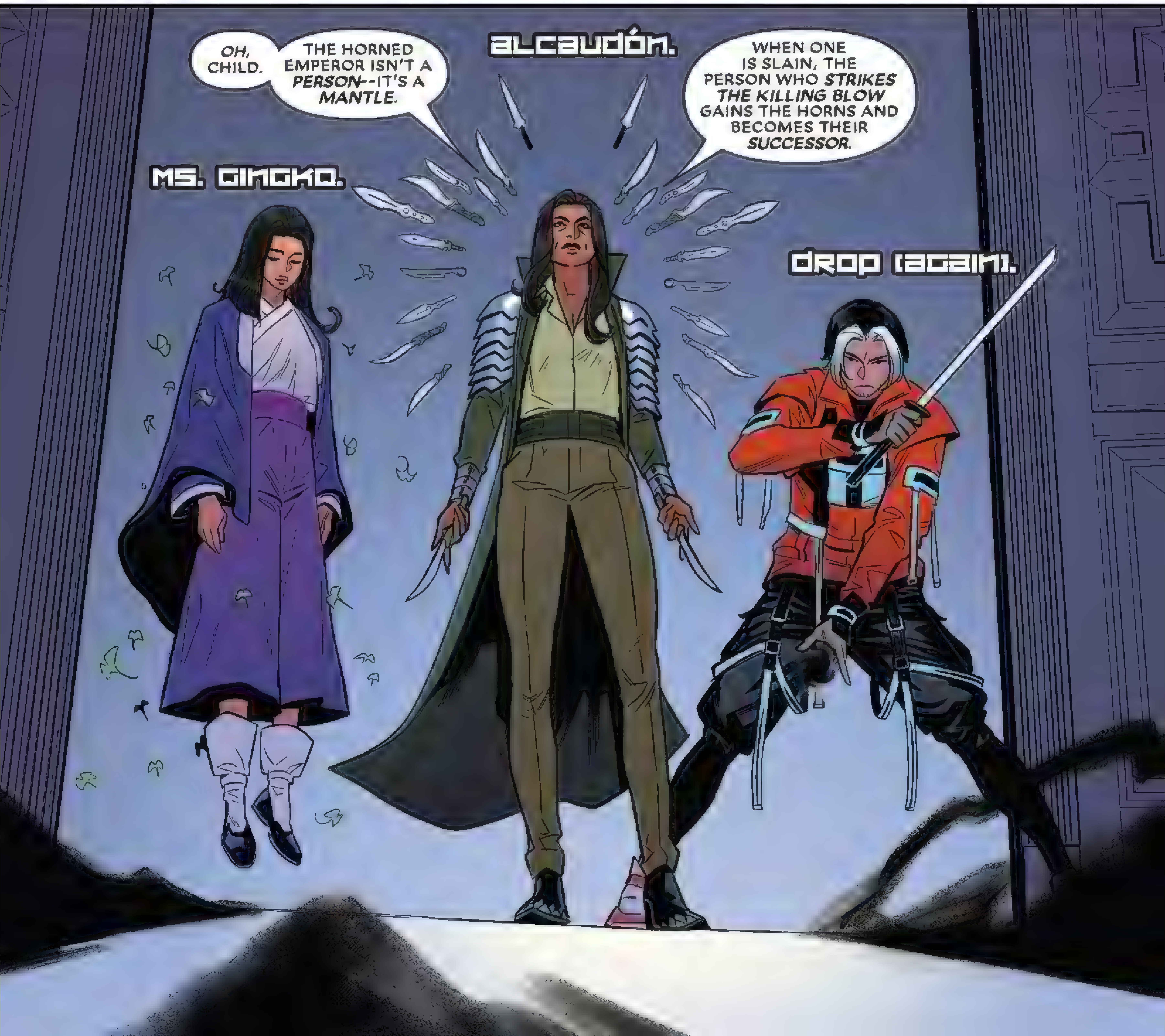
YOU'LL NEVER SEE HER AGAIN, DEADPOOL.
GKKH!
SHUNK
SLAP
OH, MX. EMPEROR.
YOU'D THINK THE LEADER OF A SECRET ORGANIZATION OF ASSASSINS WOULD KNOW--
SHAAAK
AARGH!
--TO NEVER STAND BETWEEN A HIT MAN AND HIS DOG!
GIVE ME BACK MY PRINCESS!
SHUUUK

YAAGH!
STAB
YOUR DAUGHTER BELONGS TO U--
NOT A CHANCE, DAD.
SHHKK
WHAM
GRAAAHHH!
HOLY...IS THAT...?
SSSSHHHHHH
CLATTER
...IS IT OVER?
I THINK--

KKR
AAAK
AAAAAGHH!

KKRAASH
VALENTINE?!
MMNCH
WHAT'S HAPPENING?!
THE *VOICES* IN MY HEAD ARE-- ARE THOSE--
HORNS-- YOU'VE GOT ANTLERS--
NO--
DON'T WORRY, THEY LOOK, *UH*, GOOD ON YOU--


SHAK
TING
SHAK
TING
SHAK
TING
NGH!
TING
SHAK
TING
TING
SHAK
TING


OH, CHILD.
THE HORNED EMPEROR ISN'T A *PERSON*--IT'S A *MANTLE.*
ALCAUDÓN.
WHEN ONE IS SLAIN, THE PERSON WHO *STRIKES THE KILLING BLOW* GAINS THE HORNS AND BECOMES THEIR *SUCCESSOR.*
MS. GINGKO.
DROP (AGAIN).

WHICH MEANS IT'S *OPEN SEASON.*
THE KING IS DEAD, LONG LIVE THE--
WHAT THE HELL?!
KRRKKK
*ENOUGH.*
WE SEE EACH OF YOUR *PETTY AMBITIONS* AND RENDER OUR JUDGMENT.
*UNWORTHY.*
*UNWORTHY.*
*UNWORTHY.*

NOW, MY ATELIER...
...*KNEEL* BEFORE YOUR *EMPEROR*.

# Profiles

NAME: Unknown

ALIAS: The Horned Emperor

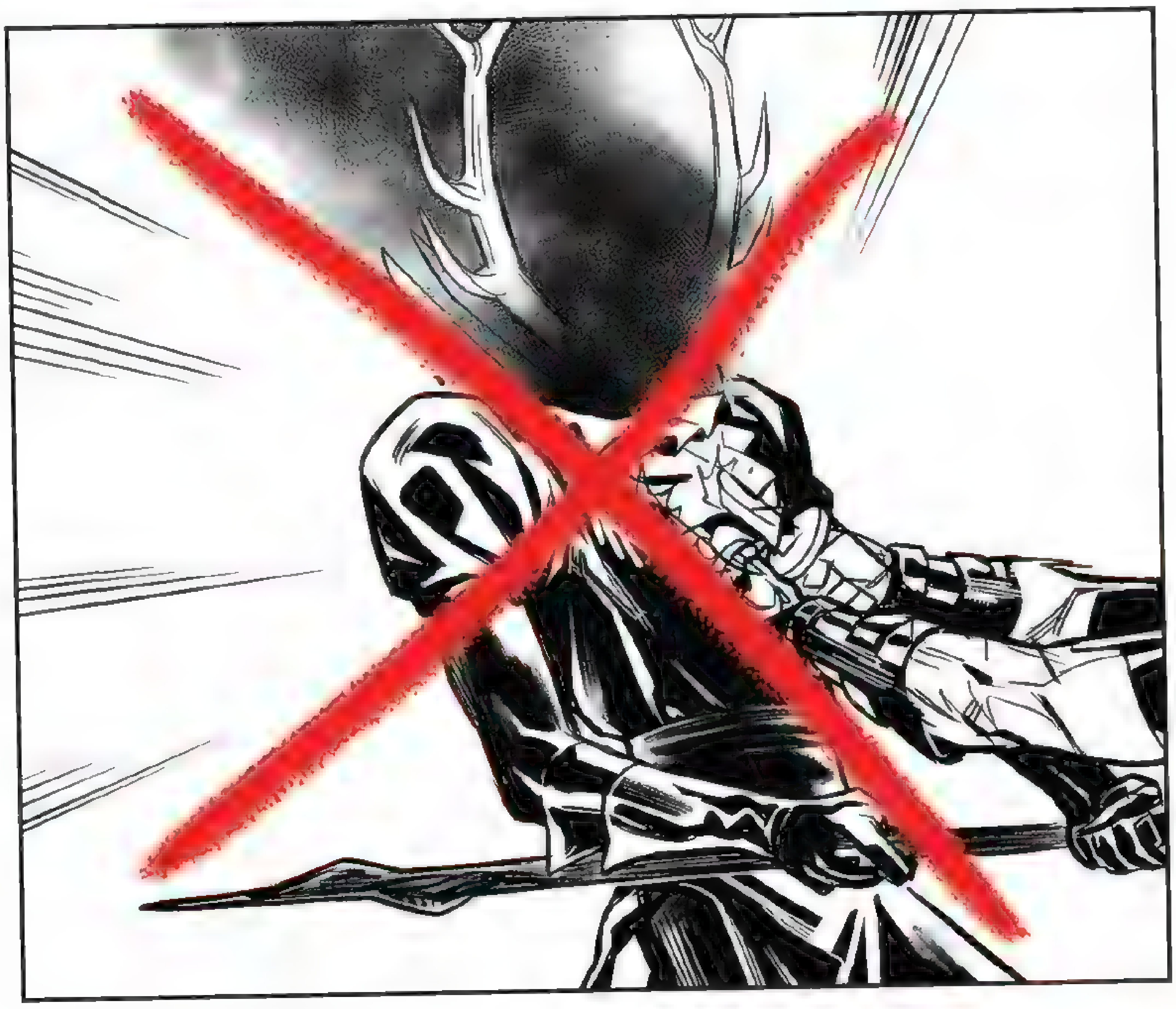
AFFILIATION: The Atelier

DO YOU THINK THESE ARE LIKE CALL SIGNS? DOES EVERYONE VOTE ON THEM, OR DO YOU GET TO PICK YOUR OWN?

SPECIES: Unknown SOMEONE DIDN'T DO THEIR RESEARCH, HUH?

DETAILS: The Horned Emperor is a faceless, fleshless entity who speaks in a chorus of voices. As far as all records show, the Horned Emperor has presided over the Atelier since its very inception. Either they are ageless, or their method of prolonging their existence relies on something else entirely... Regardless, they remain a mystery.

APPARENT CAUSE OF DEATH: Katana to the not-quite-face.



BYE-BYE YAGA,
[redacted].

# Profiles

NAME: Nat Chang

ALIAS: Drop

A.K.A. HYPEBEAST. THIS GUY'S ONE LEASED WHITE FERRARI WITH A LUXURY-BRAND DECAL SLAPPED ON THE SIDE AWAY FROM BEING A STATISTIC.

AFFILIATION: The Atelier

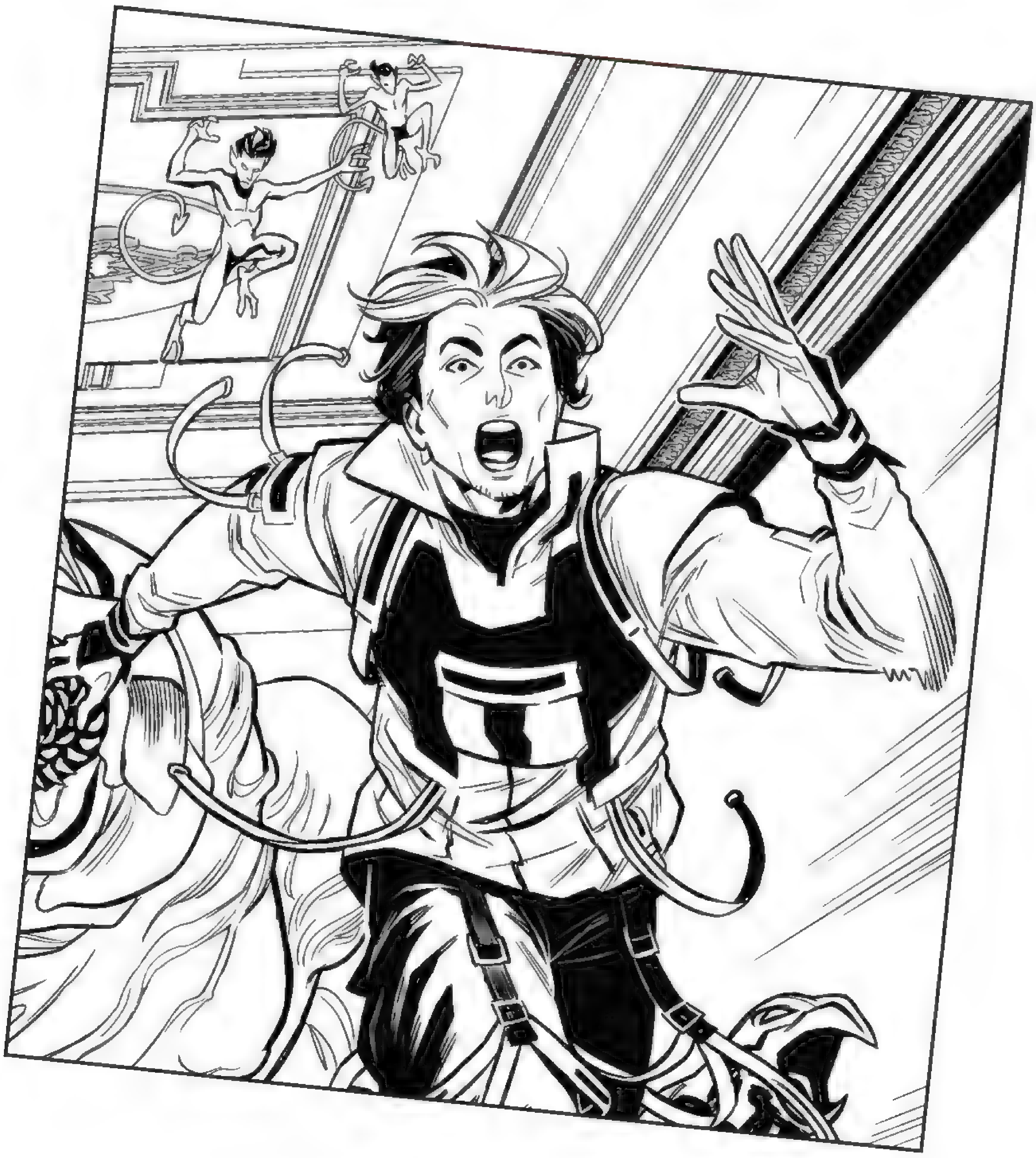
SPECIES: Human

DETAILS: Nathan Chang, A.K.A. Drop, grew up in Santa Monica, California. His gravity-manipulation powers were the result of an elementary-school science-fair experiment mishap. Despite this, his project won first place that year.

WOW, OKAY. SOME PEOPLE HAVE IT ALL, I GUESS.

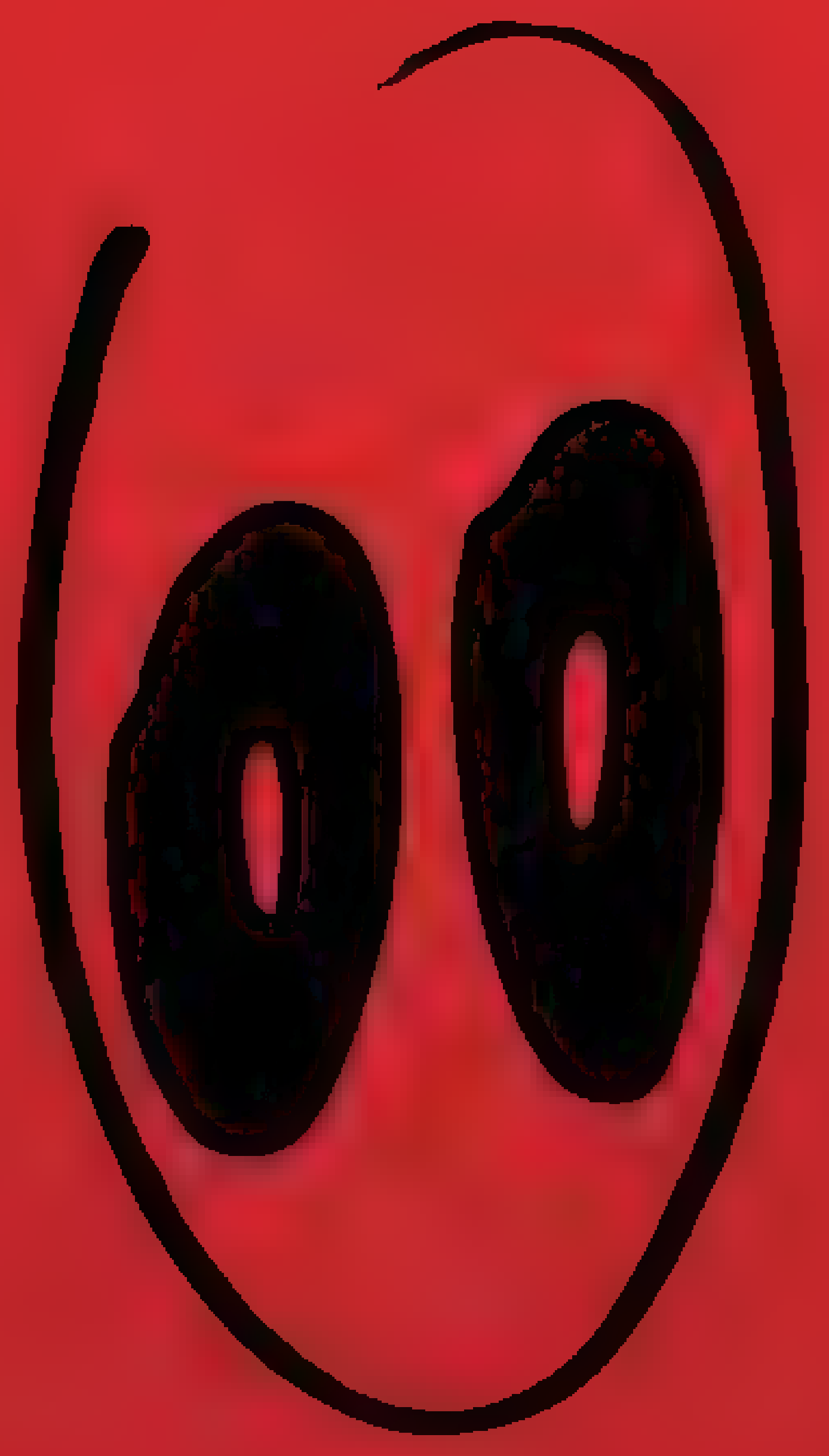
A self-described sneakerhead, Chang is as passionate about street fashion as he is about murder. His ugly attitude is one hundred percent homegrown.

APPARENT CAUSE OF DEATH: PENDING



MARTIN COCCOLO

## Chapter 10

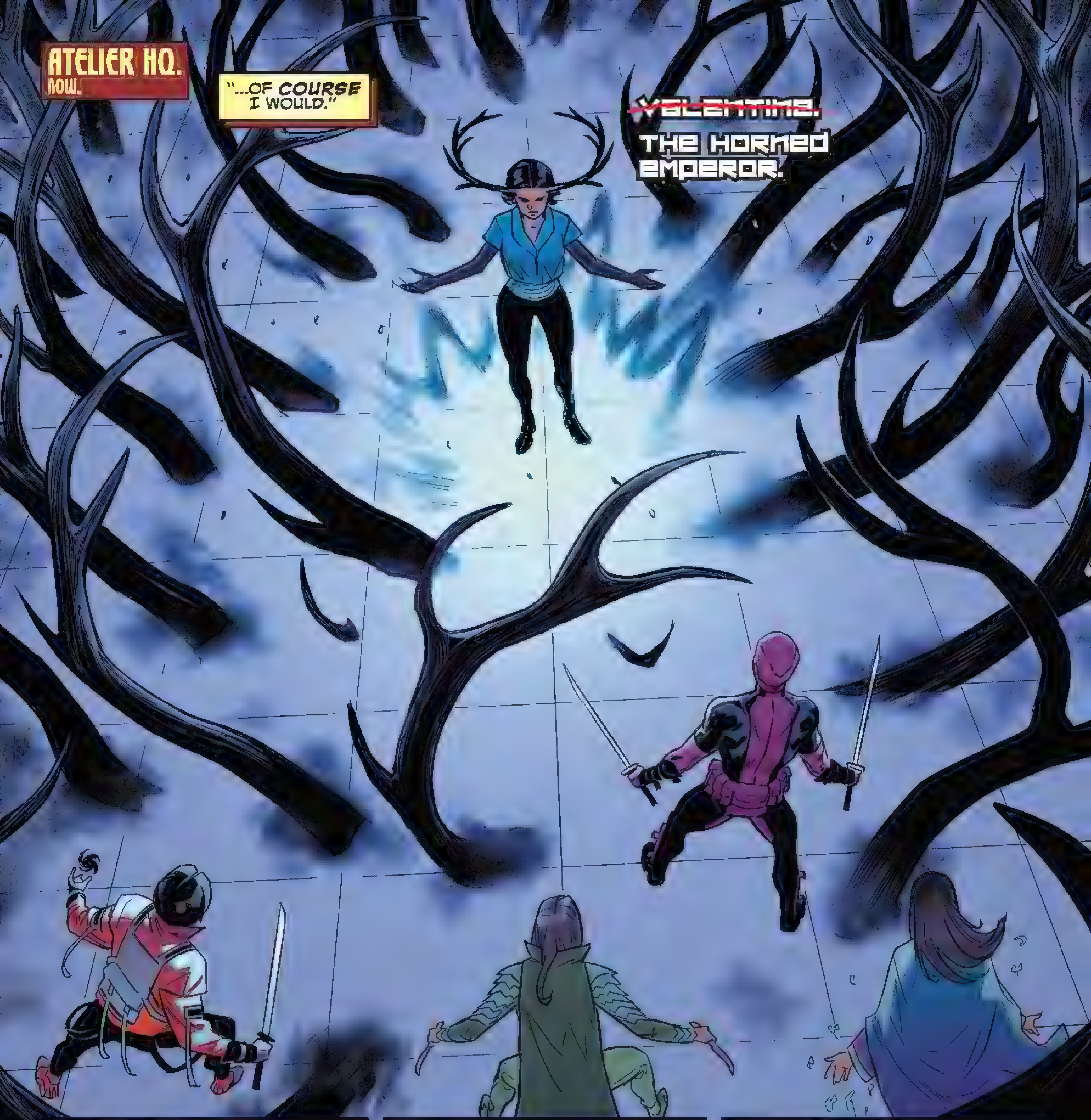


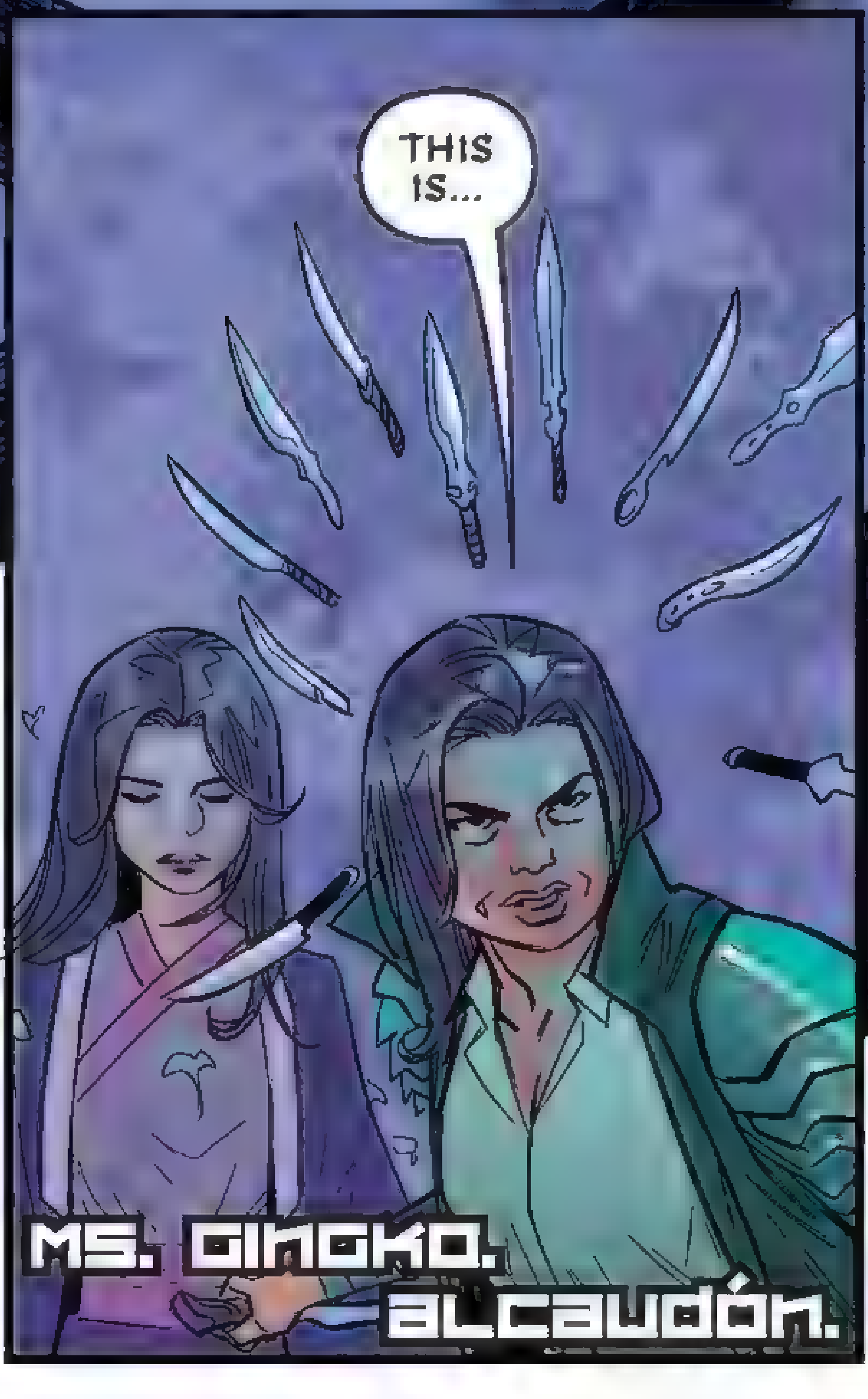
# To the Victor

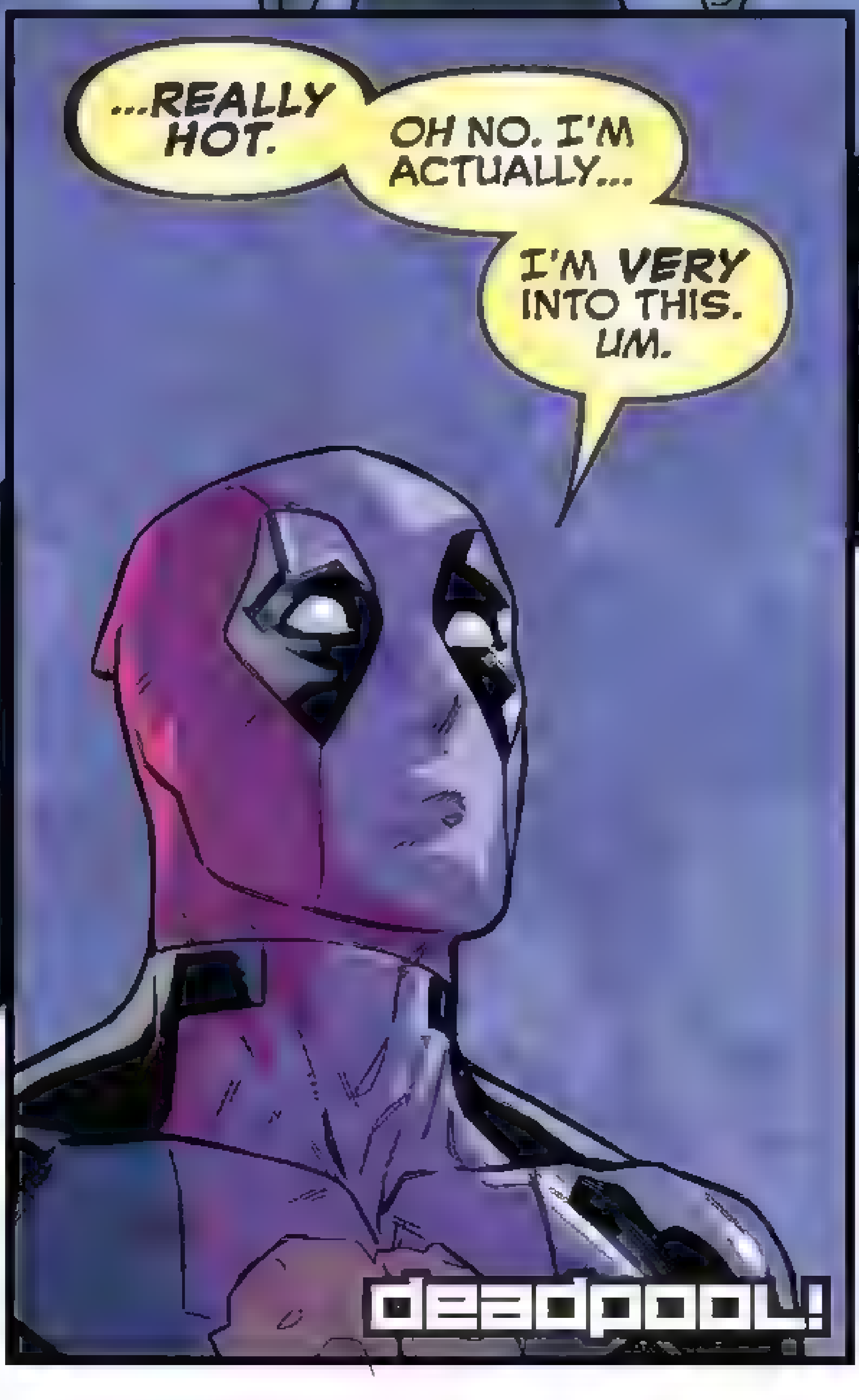
## 10

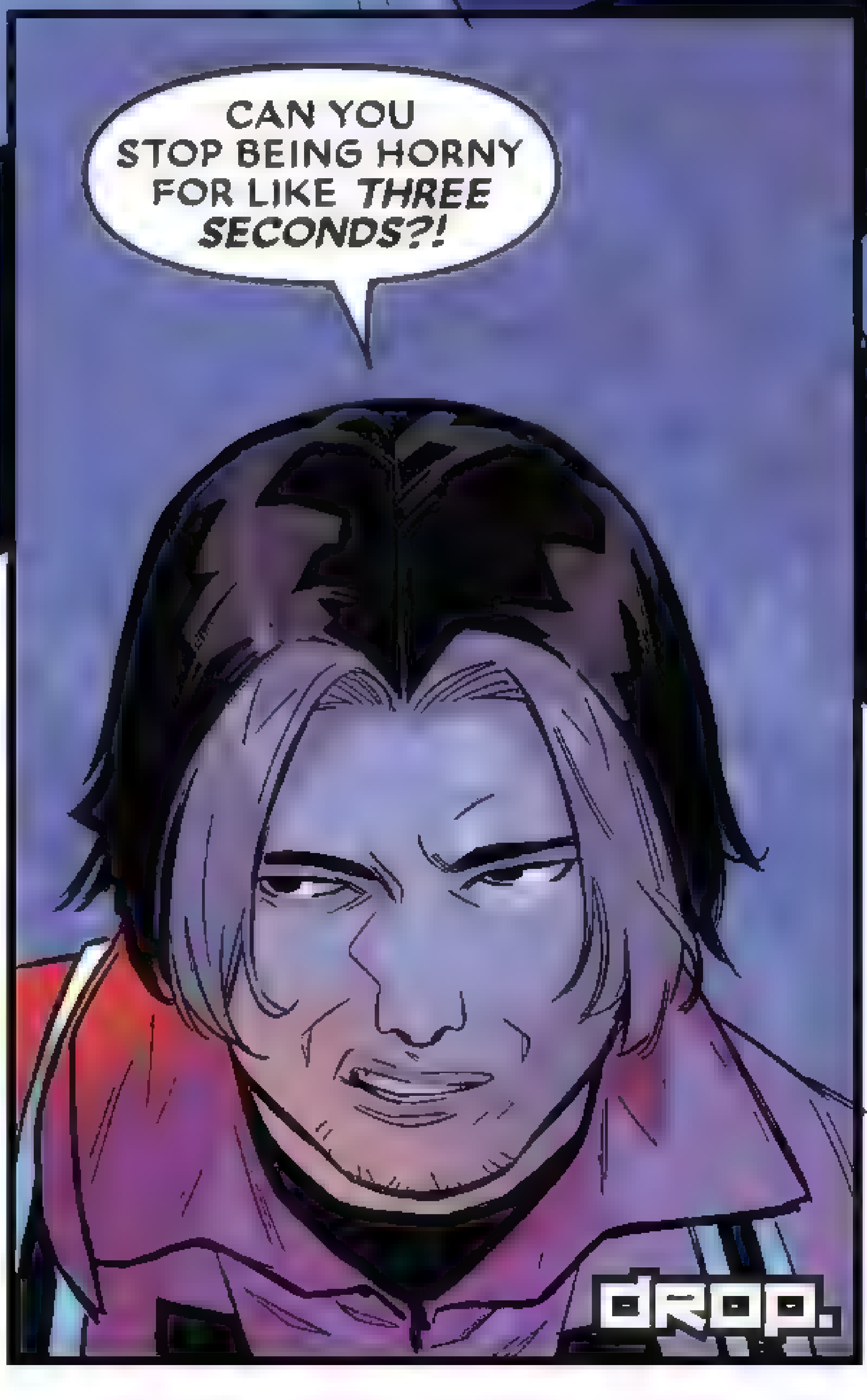
DEADPOOL'S APARTMENT. BEFORE.
HEY, VALENTINE... WOULD YOU LOVE ME IF I WERE A WORM?
WHAT KIND OF WORM?
HMM, LOTS OF GOOD CHOICES.
EARTHWORM, BIG OL' SANDWORM LIKE IN DUNE, A TREMORS WORM...
MAYBE A LAMPREY? THAT'S LIKE A FISH... WORM.
OBVIOUSLY.
WHAT ABOUT YOU? WOULD YOU LOVE ME IF I WERE A WORM?
AM I STILL A WORM IN THIS EQUATION?

HELLO, PAPA!
IT'S TIME FOR WALKIES!
PRINCESS! DADDY'S HAVING ALONE TIME!
SLAM
AUNTIE DEATHSTRIKE SAYS PAPA DOES NOT DESERVE ALONE TIME!
JEALOUSY'S AN UGLY THING, DEATHSTRIKE!
HOW DO YOU DOG-PROOF A DOOR WHEN EVERY GOOEY LIMB CAN BECOME HANDS?!
OR KNIVES?!
PFFT.
ANYWAY, TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION...


ATELIER HQ.
NOW.
"...OF COURSE I WOULD."
~~VALENTINE.~~
THE HORNED EMPEROR.


THIS IS...
MS. GINGKO.
ALCAUDÓN.


...REALLY HOT.
OH NO. I'M ACTUALLY...
I'M VERY INTO THIS. UM.
DEADPOOL!


CAN YOU STOP BEING HORNY FOR LIKE THREE SECONDS?!
DROP.

WHATEVER!
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS *KILL VALENTINE* BEFORE ANY OF YOU LOSERS AND *THE HORNED EMPEROR'S POWER IS MINE!*
SLASH
OH, IS THAT *ALL?*
HGKK!
SHUNKK
SUCH *PETTY* AMBITIONS, *NAT CHANG.*
YOUR *BRAVADO* CANNOT CONCEAL YOUR *LONELINESS* AND *FEAR*...
...THAT YOU WILL *DIE ALONE.*
CREAK

PATHETIC.
KK-CHUK
CREAK
THIS *NEW VESSEL* OF OURS, *VALENTINE*, IS *FRAGILE* STILL...
...BUT THEY ALWAYS ARE IN THE BEGINNING.
WE *GROW STRONGER* WITH EVERY *HUNT*.
NOW, OUR *ATELIER*...
...ARE YOU FOOLISH ENOUGH TO CHALLENGE US FOR OUR CROWN?
OR WILL YOU *SUBMIT?*
YES, PLEASE.

# DEADPOOL

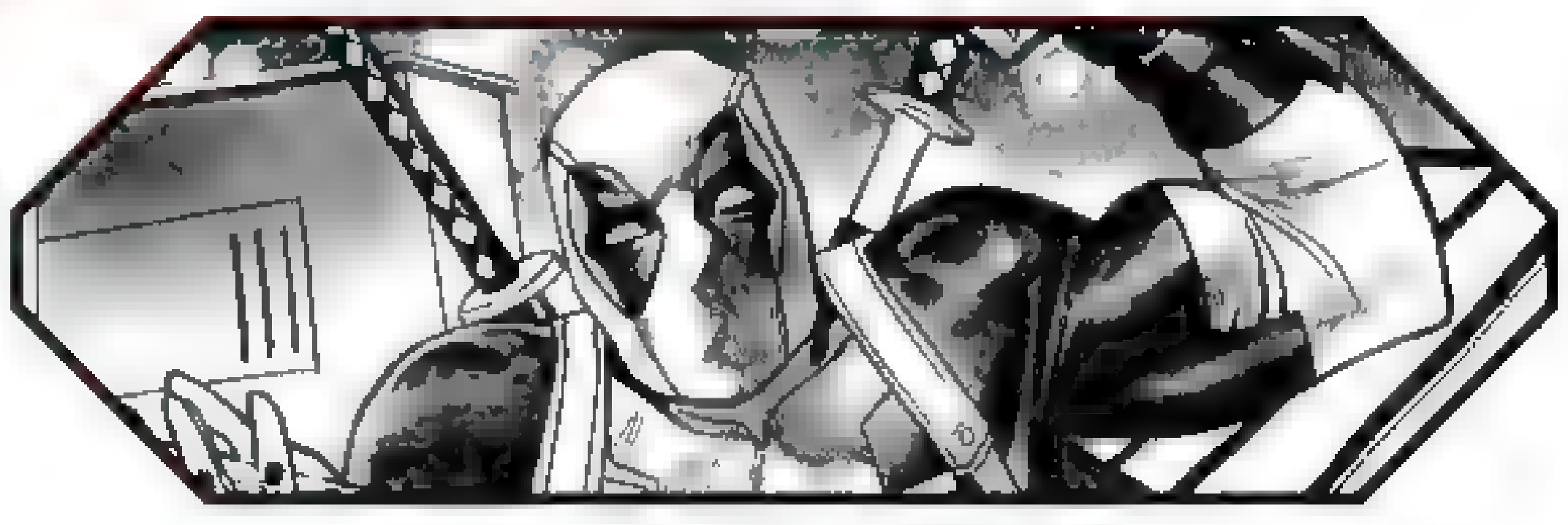
## WHO'LL LET THE DOG OUT? WHO--WHO--WHOOO?!

Uh-oh...things are *not so great* for Deadpool right now. He, along with his paramour, Valentine Vuong, and <3 his giant symbiote dog, Princess, has been captured by the assassin association known as the Atelier! ? With Lady Deathstrike's help, Valentine and Deadpool were able to break out of their prison cell and managed to kill the Atelier's leader, the Horned Emperor. The only downside is that with the physical vessel of the Horned Emperor's spirit destroyed, the mantle has fallen to Valentine, who has been subsumed by their spirit. Now the possessed Valentine has turned their attention to crushing any threats to their new power, Deadpool included. Either way, this is going to end in heartbreak.

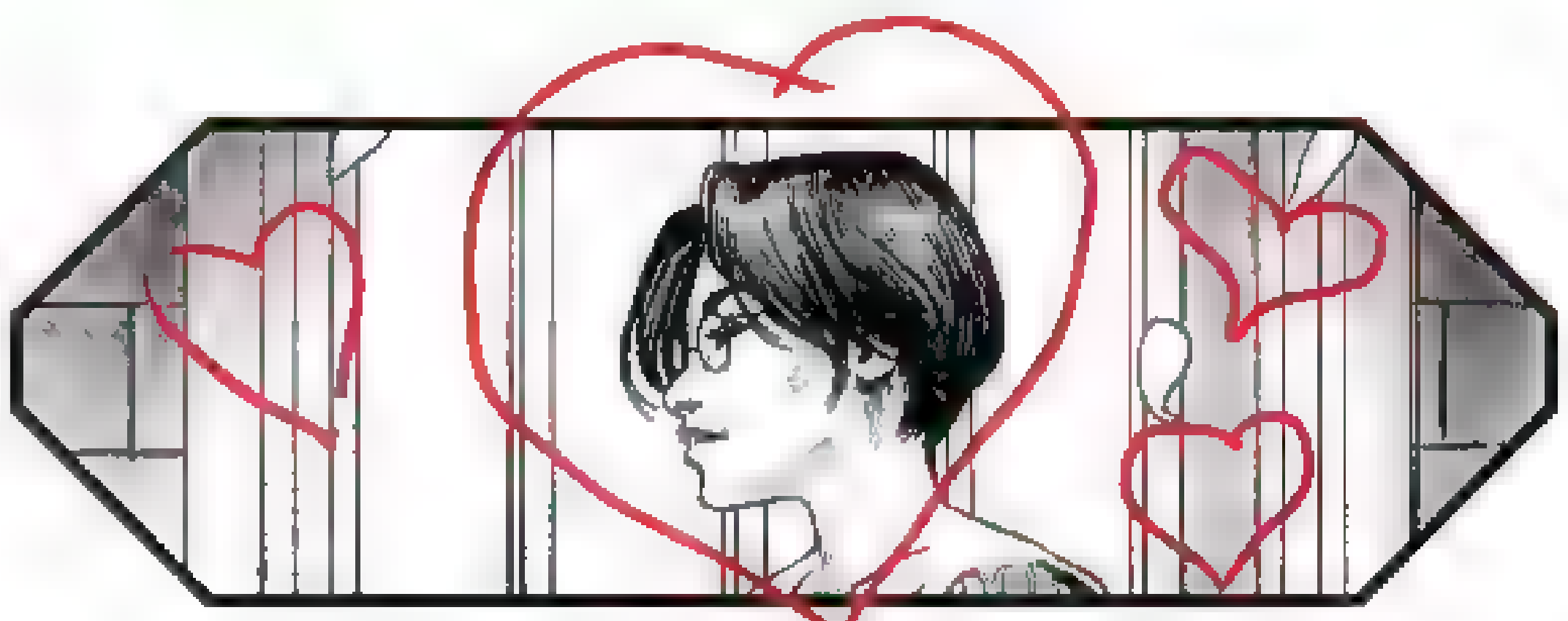
UNDERSTATEMENT OF THE CENTURY, PAL.

THE COUPLE THAT SLAYS TOGETHER, STAYS TOGETHER!

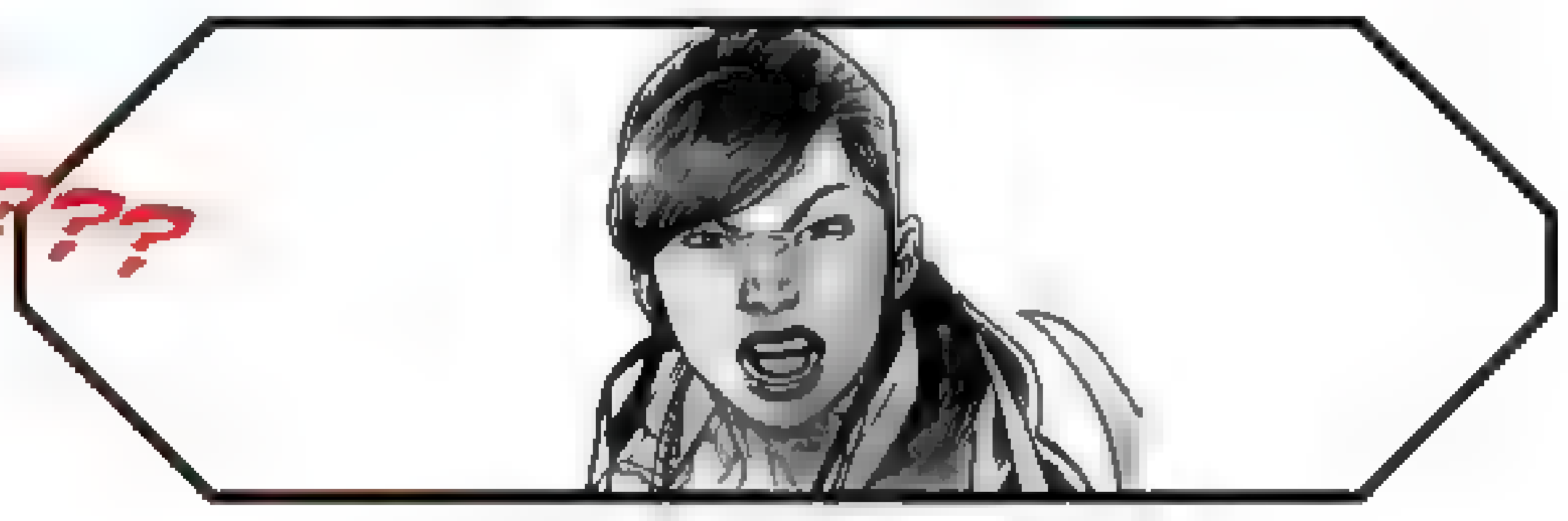
WAIT, WHAT???



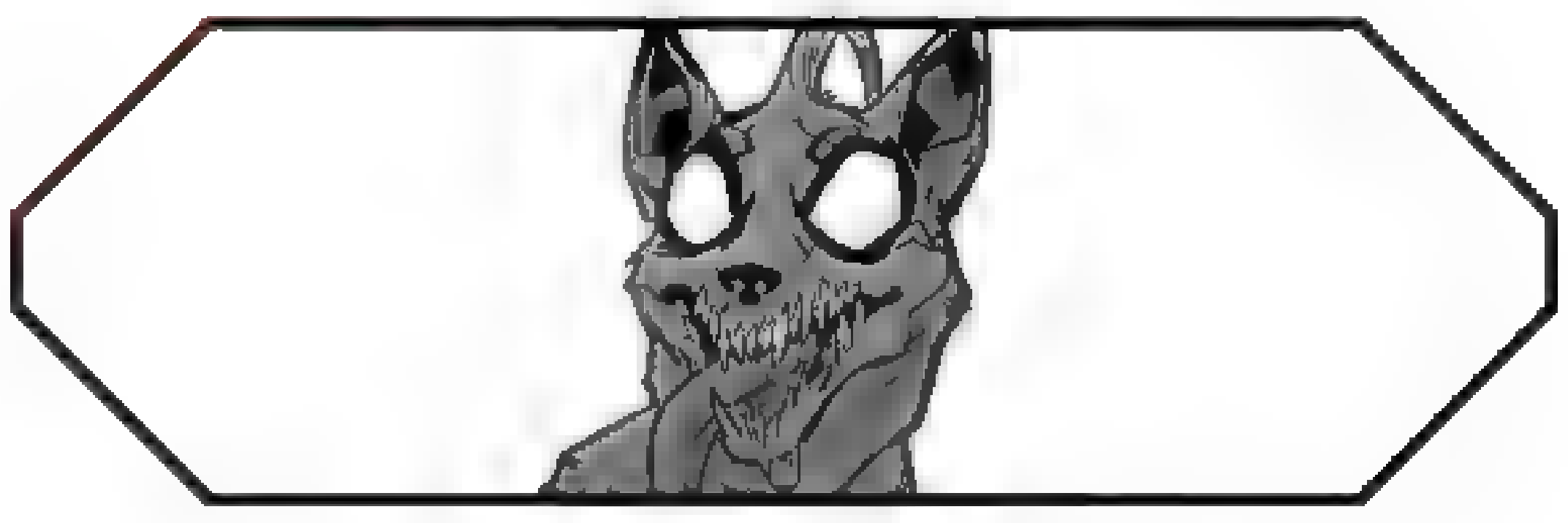
[DEADPOOL]



[VALENTINE VUONG]



[LADY DEATHSTRIKE]



[PRINCESS]

PRISON CELLS,
ATELIER BASEMENT.
HELLO, AUNTIE DEATHSTRIKE!
HAVE YOU COME TO RESCUE ME?
SHHH, PRINCESS.
YES, BUT WE HAVE TO USE OUR INSIDE VOICES UNTIL I GET THIS LOCK OPEN.
YURIKO OYAMA,
A.K.A. LADY DEATHSTRIKE.
CLICK
YOUR INSIDE VOICES ARE LOUD ENOUGH TO HEAR DOWN THE HALL.
COME ON, BABY SIS. YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE A PROFESSIONAL.
KAZUO OYAMA,
A.K.A. LORD DEATHSTRIKE.
SHP
SHUT UP, KAZUO.

YOU'RE ALWAYS SO *SORE* WHEN I'M *RIGHT*.
KRAK
YOU'RE GOING TO *REGRET* THAT.
NO, WHAT I REGRET IS *PUTTING MY OWN REPUTATION* ON THE *LINE* TO BRING YOU INTO THE *ATELIER*--
--ONLY FOR YOU TO THROW IT BACK IN MY FACE BY *BETRAYING* US!
BLAM BLAM BLAM
AND FOR *WHAT?!*
*THIS MUTATED ANIMAL?!*
GRRRRR...
BLAM BLAM
IF YOU WANT A *DOG* THAT BADLY, I'LL GET YOU A *DAMN PUPPY*.
CHK

GET AWAY FROM HER!
SHUNK
ARGHH!
GOD, YOU'RE INSUFFERABLE! I DON'T *WANT* A *PUPPY!*
I'M TAKING MY *NIECE* HOME.
THE ATELIER CAN GO STRAIGHT TO HELL--AND SO CAN YOU!
SMASH
AUTHORIZED USER-- LORD DEATHSTRIKE-- ACKNOWLEDGED.
TCH.
I *REALLY* DIDN'T WANT TO KILL YOU, YURIKO.
KRRK

KZZZT
GOOD NEWS, KAZUO.
YOU WON'T GET THE CHANCE.
CAN I EAT THIS MAN?
NO, YOU CAN'T. ALL THE *DRAMA* IN HIS BLOOD WILL GIVE YOU *INDIGESTION*.
YOU'RE KIND OF A %$#& OLDER BROTHER, BUT YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE I HAVE.
SO.
C'MON, PRINCESS--LET'S GO FIND YOUR DAD.

THIS, FRIENDS, IS WHAT WE CALL A QUANDARY.
ON ONE HAND, THIS WAS NOT HOW I WAS HOPING TO GET IMPALED BY MY SWEETIE TONIGHT.
LIFE'S FULL OF SURPRISES.
HRGH!
ON THE OTHER HAND--
SWOOSH
--I'D PREFER IF MY SWEETIE WASN'T IMPALED BY ANYONE ELSE TONIGHT.
ZANG
ZANG
WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!
DEADPOOL?
BABY, IF YOU WANTED TO REARRANGE MY GUTS, ALL YOU HAD TO DO WAS AAASKKK...

NGH!
WHAT IS THIS PAIN IN OUR--?
WHUMP
WADE?
THERE ARE SO MANY VOICES-- CONSCIOUSNESSES-- FIGHTING IN MY HEAD--
--I'M DROWNING IN THEM--
--I--
AAGH!
SHUKK
VALENTINE!
NOT COOL, ALCAUDÓN!
KNIFEPLAY IS ONE OF THOSE THINGS YOU NEGOTIATE AHEAD OF TIME!
AH. TRUE, YOUNG MAN.
BUT THIS IS NOT A NEGOTIATION.
NO, IT ISN'T.
SHK

KRAKKK KLAKKLAK
BABE? YOU'RE SPROUTING A COCOON OF HORNS--
WAIT, DON'T SWALLOW ME TOO--!
...I'LL... PULL IT APART... FOR YOU.
THANK YOU, MY LOVE.
KLAK
WHAM
ZANG
HOSTING THE EMPEROR'S COLLECTIVE CONSCIOUSNESS TAKES A *TOLL* ON ONE'S BODY--IT WON'T BE LONG UNTIL VALENTINE FALLS.
*UH, VALENTINE?*
GOOD TO KNOW YOU'RE A ***GROWER AND*** A ***SHOWER***, BUT I CAN'T REALLY FIGHT OUR WAY OUT OF THIS MESS INSIDE A HORN-SHELL.
CAN YOU LET ME GO?
KLAK
PLEASE?

I SMELL PAPA IN THERE!
OKAY, WELL... I MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO FIT **ME** OUT THERE RIGHT NOW... BUT I BET I CAN SQUEEZE **SOMETHING** OUT.
GRENADE!
TINK
THREE, TWO, ONE--
WATCH OUT!

WHOOOM
OH, NO, DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME.
I'M JUST A LITTLE EXPLODED.
FWSS
MY LOVE...? SAY SOMETHING...
HOLY #$%&--IS THAT VALENTINE?
GRRRR... DOES NOT SMELL RIGHT.
EMPEROR...
FWWOOSH
...YOU TOUCHED WHAT BELONGS TO ME.

# Profiles

NAME: Silvia Reyes

ALIAS: Alcaudón, the Shrike

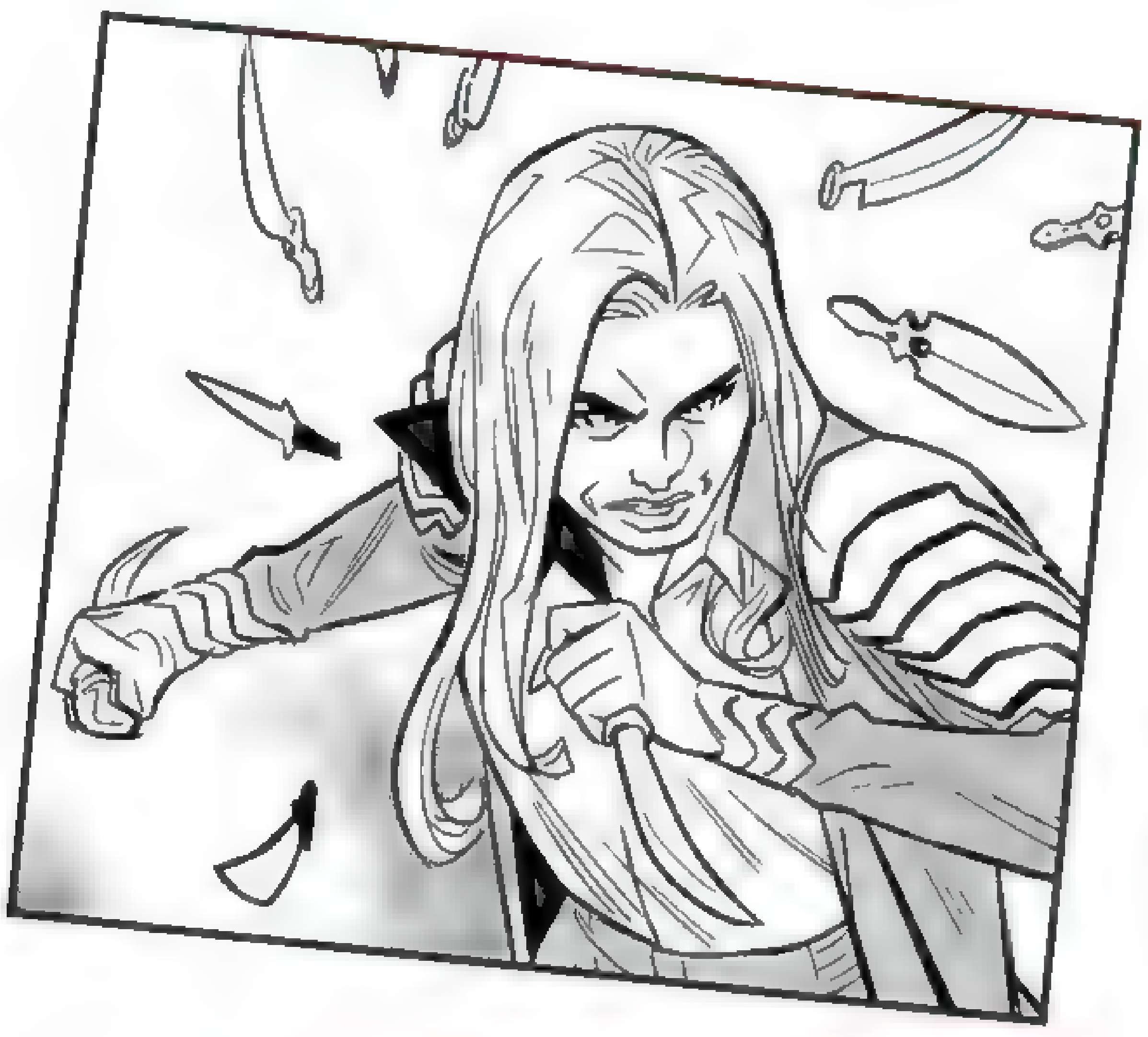
SHRIKES ARE THOSE BIRDS THAT STAB THEIR FOOD ON THORNS AND STUFF TO HOARD IT FOR LATER, RIGHT? I'M PRETTY SURE DOMINO DOES THAT, TOO.

AFFILIATION: The Atelier

SPECIES: Human

DETAILS: Silvia Reyes is a known serial murderer who operated throughout the American Southwest. Her signature method of impaling her victims on sculptures made of knives earned her the alias “Alcaudón”, or “the Shrike.” She and her wife, Ms. Gingko, have been married for 40 years. 40 YEARS?! LIFE GOALS RIGHT THERE.

APPARENT CAUSE OF DEATH: UHHHHH



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NAME: [illegible]

THIS IS SO WEIRD. I LITERALLY CAN'T READ THIS. AND NOT LIKE IN AN ILLITERATE WAY. THE LONGER I STARE AT THE LETTERS(???), THE MORE DIZZY AND NAUSEATED I GET. I'VE ALREADY BARFED ON THE CARPET TWICE. SORRY, CABLE!

ALIAS: Ms. Gingko

AFFILIATION: The Atelier

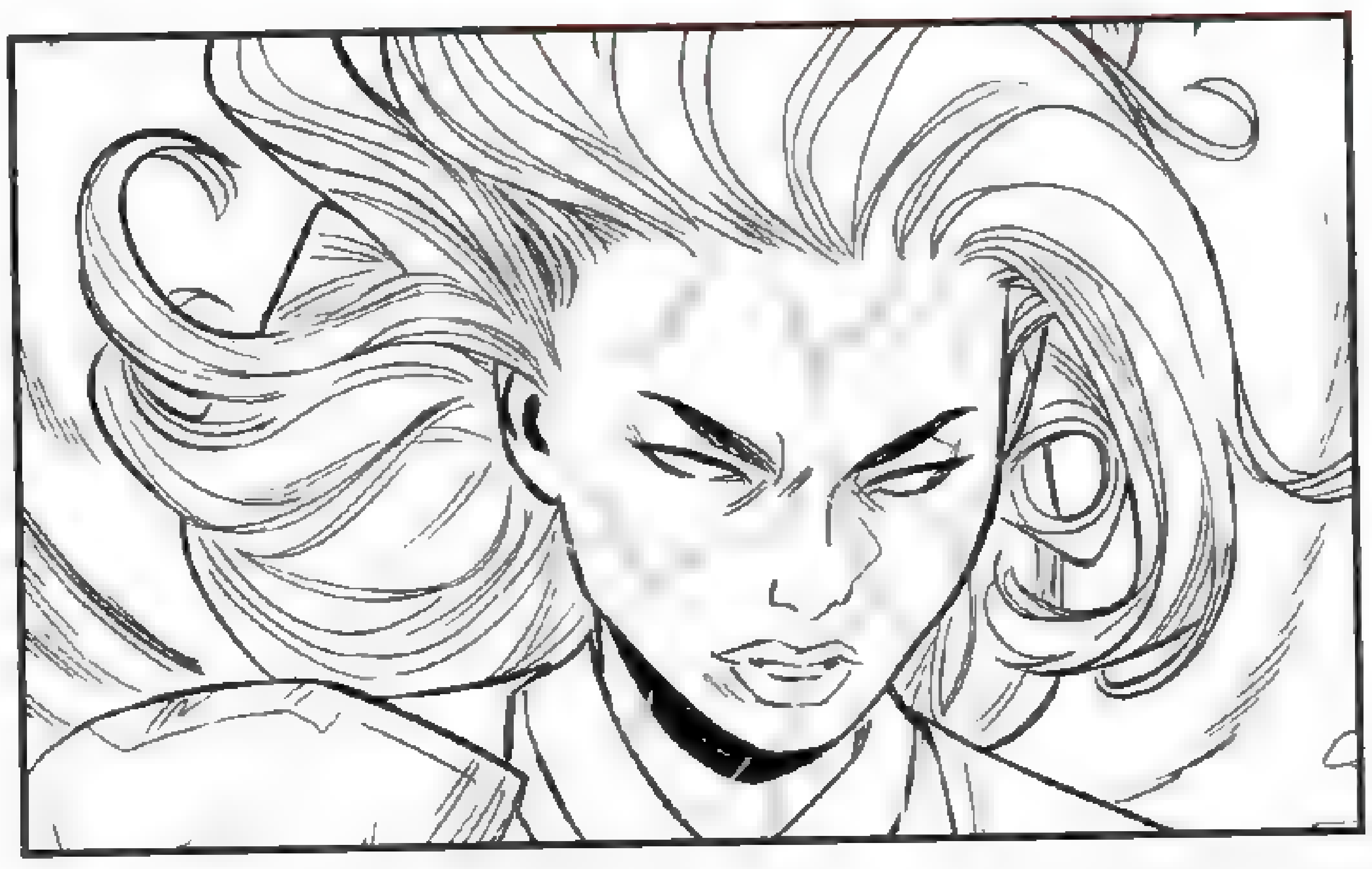
SPECIES: [illegible] STILL CAN'T READ IT, BUT I'M PRETTY SURE THIS SAYS "ELDRITCH HORROR".

DETAILS: The ancient entity known as Ms. Gingko hails from a different dimension than ours. Her powers are strange and upsetting, and her form is inconsistent. Most of the time, she takes the shape of a human woman wearing modern hanbok. She is almost always asleep, a condition that doesn’t hamper her movement at all.

She has been married to her wife, Silvia Reyes, for 40 years. No one knows how they met, but they are inseparable. AS IN DEMONIC PACT INSEPARABLE, OR DISGUSTINGLY IN LOVE INSEPARABLE?

~~APPARENT CAUSE OF DEATH:~~

IS THERE A DIFFERENCE?

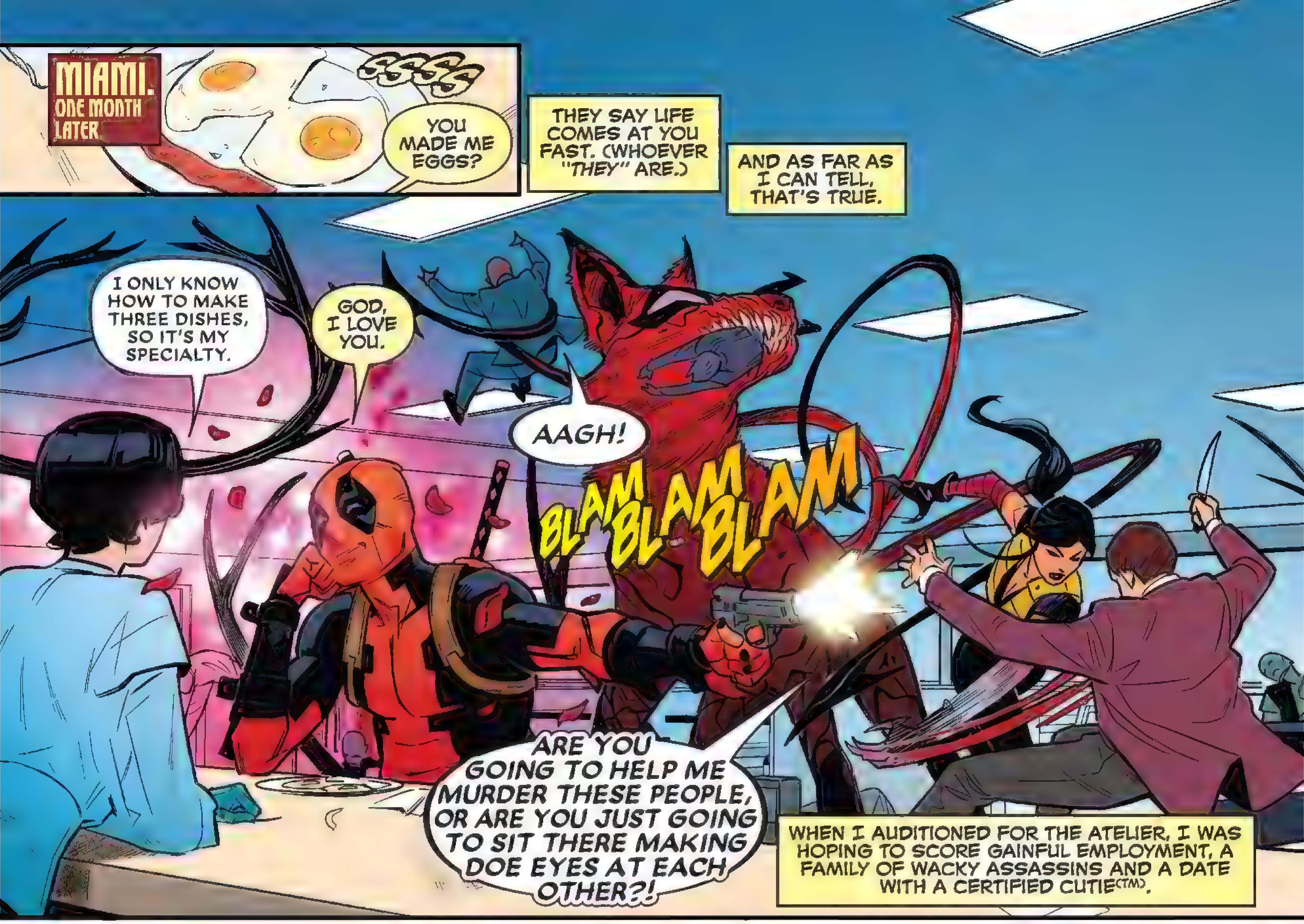


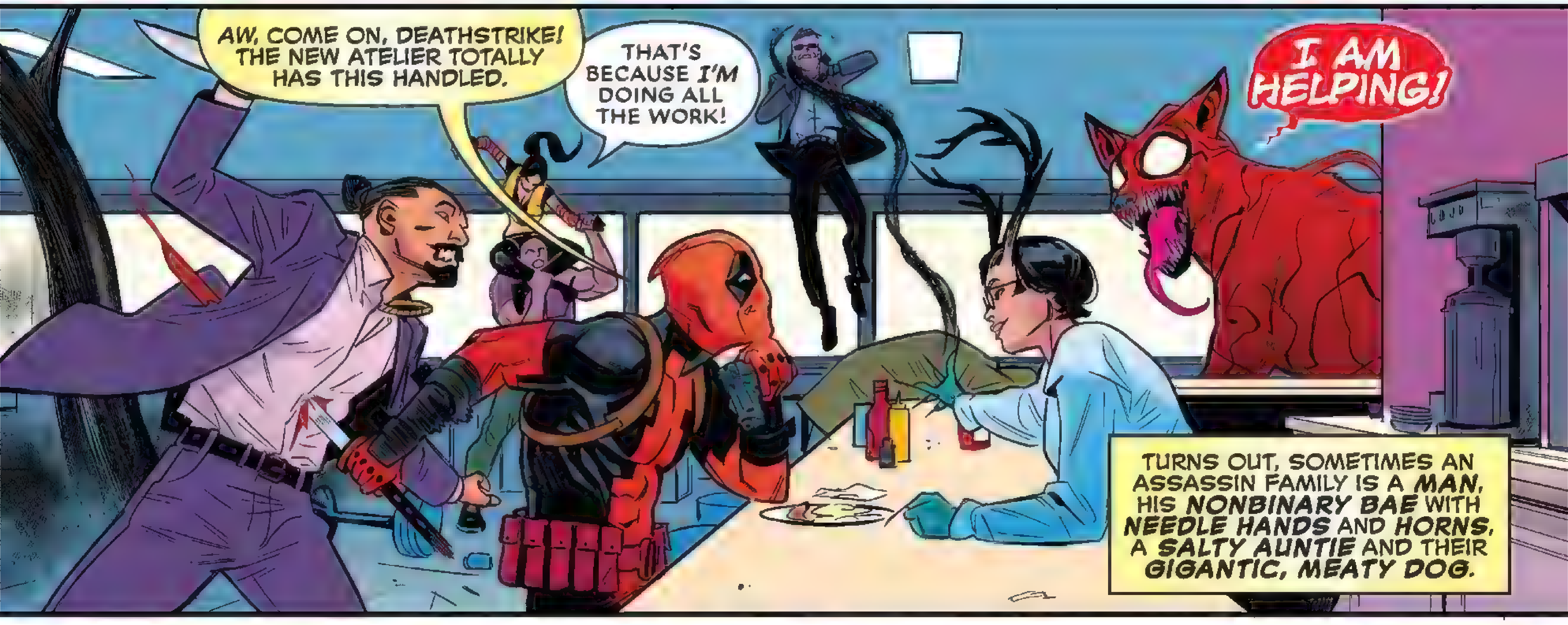
DEAR LOVECRAFT, WHAT IS THAT?!
*THERE* YOU ARE, GINGKO.
MANY OF OUR LIVES REMEMBER YOUR *TRUE FORM.*
YOU'RE FINALLY *SHEDDING* YOUR *MORTAL SKIN.*
ALCAUDÓN WANTED YOUR TITLE, BUT YOUR POWER DOESN'T INTEREST ME, EMPEROR.
WHAT IS A *SPECK OF DUST* TO THE UNIVERSE? *INSIGNIFICANT.*
BUT I WILL SEE YOU *DEAD* AND *VESSELLESS, OBLITERATED* FROM THE VERY FABRIC OF REALITY, BECAUSE *YOU HURT MY WIFE.*

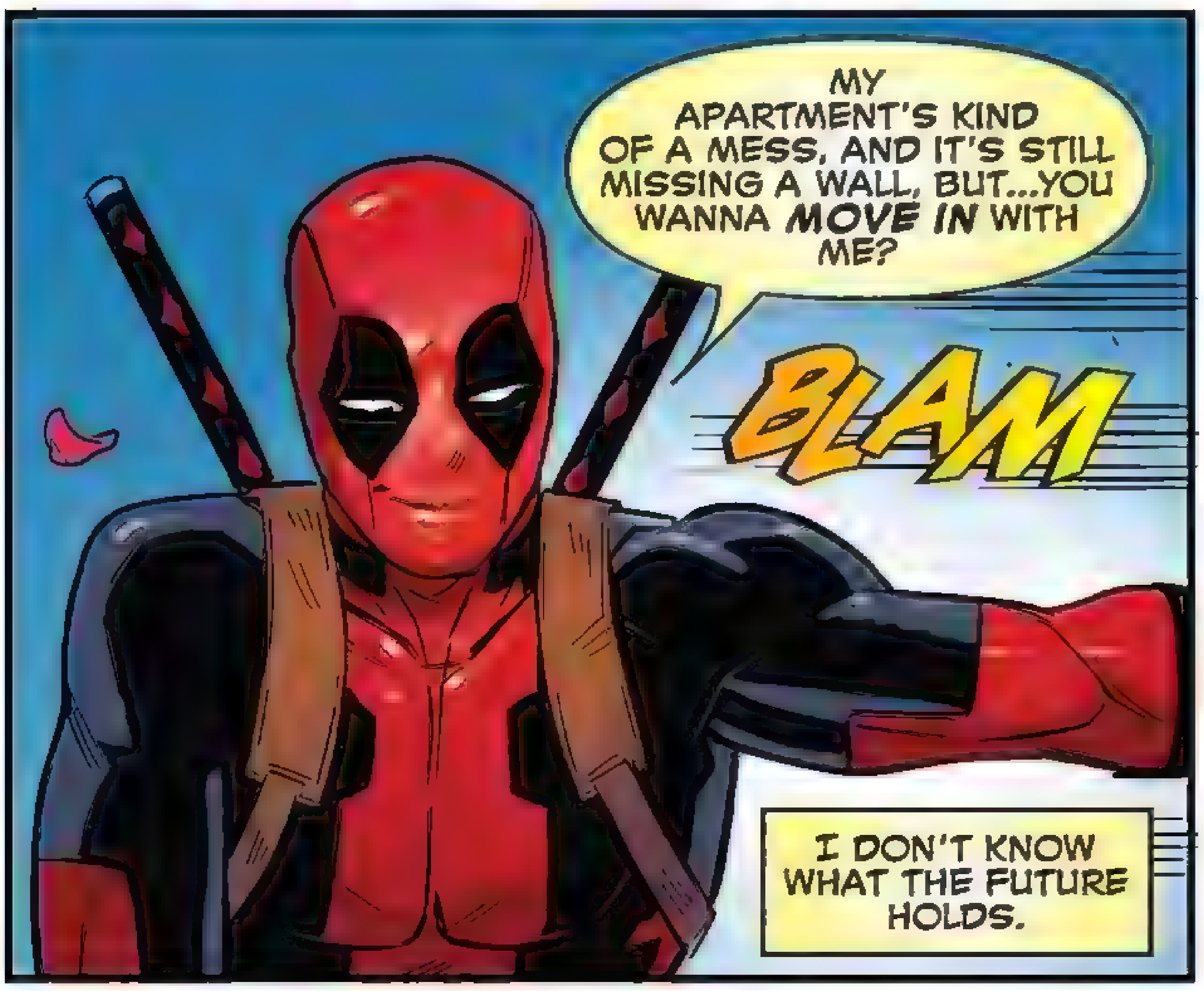
WAIT, WAIT, WAIT! GAHK!
WHOOF, THIS SURE IS A DP DP ISSUE.
LISTEN! I GET IT!
"BURN THE WORLD FOR THE LOVE OF YOUR LIFE"--IT'S A CLASSIC.
BUT THE LOVE OF YOUR LIFE IS BLEEDING OUT IN YOUR ARMS.
IF YOU WASTE TIME ON US INSTEAD OF GETTING HER TO A HOSPITAL, SHE'S GONNA DIE.
...NO MATTER HOW FAR YOU RUN, I'LL FIND YOU. BOTH OF YOU.
NO DIMENSION WILL BE SAFE FROM ME.
I THINK WE'RE ALONE NOW.
JUST ME AND YOUR WHOLE "COLLECTIVE CONSCIOUSNESS" DEAL, EMPEROR.
VORP
WHAT IS IT YOU WANT, DEADPOOL?
TO KNEEL, AS IS YOUR NATURE?
OR TO FIGHT, KNOWING YOU CAN DO NOTHING TO DEFEAT US--?

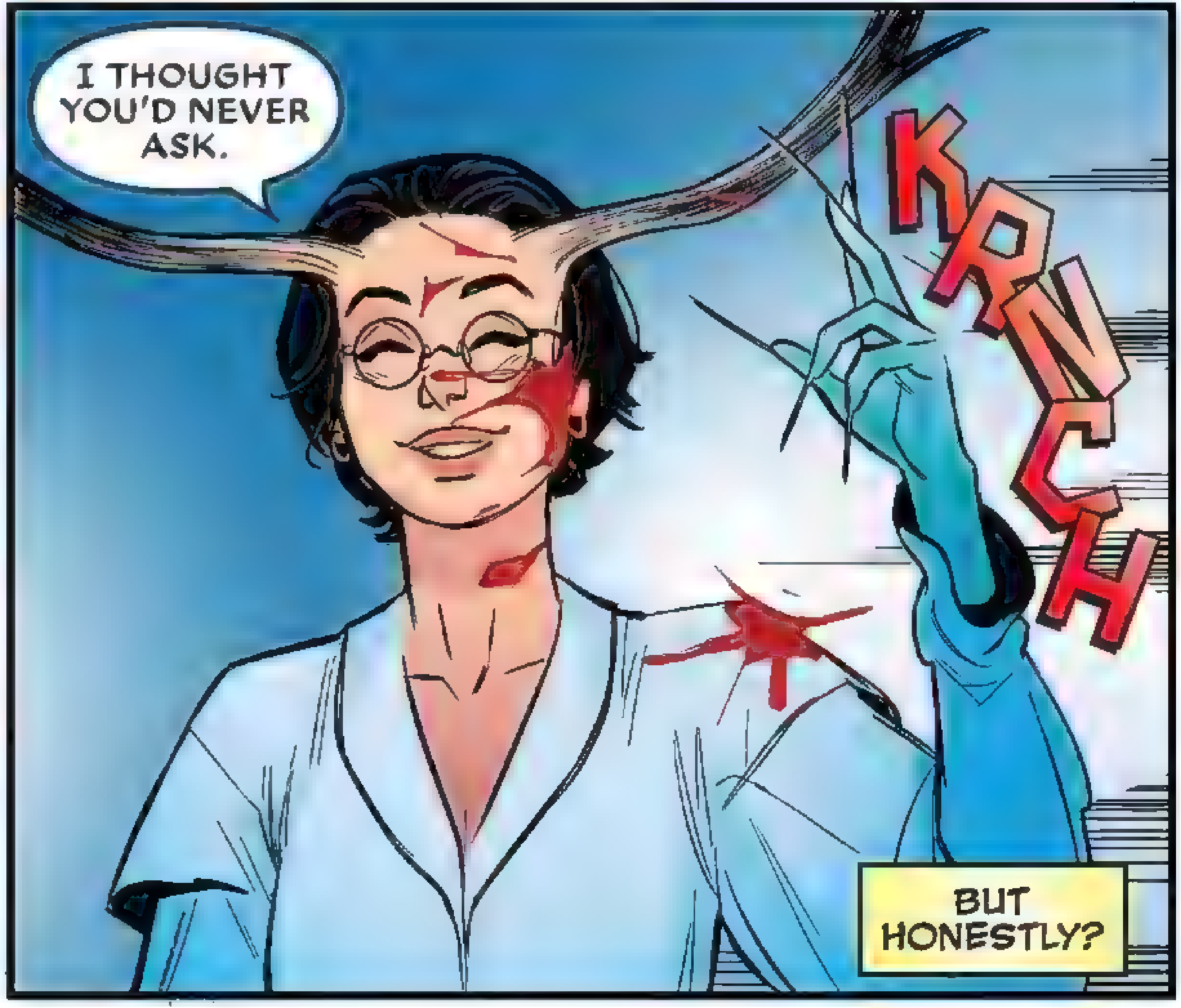
I WOULD LOVE YOU IF I WERE A WORM!
SLASH
...WHAT?
I MEAN, I WOULD LOVE YOU IF YOU WERE A WORM!
PAP
IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT KIND OF WORM!
SANDWORM, TAPEWORM, FISH WORM--
SLASH
--EMPEROR WORM--
SLASH
--BECAUSE YOU'RE YOU!
VALENTINE.
MY VALENTINE.

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT SHAPE YOU ARE--ALTHOUGH THIS ONE IS SMOKING HOT, DON'T GET ME WRONG.
BE THE HORNY MAJESTY, OR DON'T.
I JUST WANT YOU.
FSSSS
...I'M PRETTY SURE YOU'RE THE HORNY MAJESTY.
YOU'RE BACK!
MM-HMM. I HEARD YOU CALLING THROUGH THE CACOPHONY OF THE EMPEROR'S VOICES.
YOU WERE MY LIFELINE.
I COULD HAVE STAYED THERE FOREVER...
...BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO MISS THIS.
COME ON, LET'S GO HOME.
I'VE GOT AT LEAST FOUR UNEXPIRED EGGS IN THE FRIDGE IF FAKE CABLE DIDN'T EAT THEM ALL.
OH, JOY.
I LOVE PAPA EGGS!


MIAMI. ONE MONTH LATER
SSSS
YOU MADE ME EGGS?
THEY SAY LIFE COMES AT YOU FAST. (WHOEVER "THEY" ARE.)
AND AS FAR AS I CAN TELL, THAT'S TRUE.
I ONLY KNOW HOW TO MAKE THREE DISHES, SO IT'S MY SPECIALTY.
GOD, I LOVE YOU.
AAGH!
BLAM BLAM BLAM
ARE YOU GOING TO HELP ME MURDER THESE PEOPLE, OR ARE YOU JUST GOING TO SIT THERE MAKING DOE EYES AT EACH OTHER?!
WHEN I AUDITIONED FOR THE ATELIER, I WAS HOPING TO SCORE GAINFUL EMPLOYMENT, A FAMILY OF WACKY ASSASSINS AND A DATE WITH A CERTIFIED CUTIE(TM).


AW, COME ON, DEATHSTRIKE! THE NEW ATELIER TOTALLY HAS THIS HANDLED.
THAT'S BECAUSE I'M DOING ALL THE WORK!
I AM HELPING!
TURNS OUT, SOMETIMES AN ASSASSIN FAMILY IS A MAN, HIS NONBINARY BAE WITH NEEDLE HANDS AND HORNS, A SALTY AUNTIE AND THEIR GIGANTIC, MEATY DOG.


MY APARTMENT'S KIND OF A MESS, AND IT'S STILL MISSING A WALL, BUT...YOU WANNA MOVE IN WITH ME?
BLAM
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS.


I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER ASK.
KRNCH
BUT HONESTLY?

THE GRAND REO NG OF THE ATELIER
I'M READY FOR IT.
THE END!

[ 91% ]

# KAZUO

online

Messages in this chat are encrypted and will automatically delete in 48 hours.

**Saturday**

PICK UP YOUR PHONE, KAZUO 4:31 P.M.

RIGHT NOW 4:31 P.M.

I'M SERIOUS 4:31 P.M.

WHY IS THERE A PUPPY ON MY DOORSTEP?! 4:32 P.M.

Her name is Kiki. 4:33 P.M.

I'm not asking what her name is! 4:34 P.M.

I'm asking why she's here! 4:34 P.M.

She is a purebred pomsky from one of the oldest family lineages. 4:35 P.M.

THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A PUREBRED POMSKY! 4:35 P.M.

THEY'RE A POMERANIAN/HUSKY MIX! 4:35 P.M.

lol 4:36 P.M.

***ERROR:*** *Your sticker could not be sent.*

***ERROR:*** *Your sticker could not be sent.*

I told you I'd get you a dog, Yuriko. 4:36 P.M.

I told you I didn't want one!!! 4:37 P.M.

This dog is a crime against nature. It looks like a Polly Pocket toy! 4:37 P.M.

It certainly cost more than a Polly Pocket toy. 4:38 P.M.

It won't stop shrieking! My eardrums are bleeding, Kazuo! 4:39 P.M.

It keeps jumping on me! And LICKING me! 4:39 P.M.

It's like someone engineered a dog to be everything I hate. 4:39 P.M.

How did you even find this thing? 4:39 P.M.

I asked Deadpool what you wanted for your birthday. 4:40 P.M.

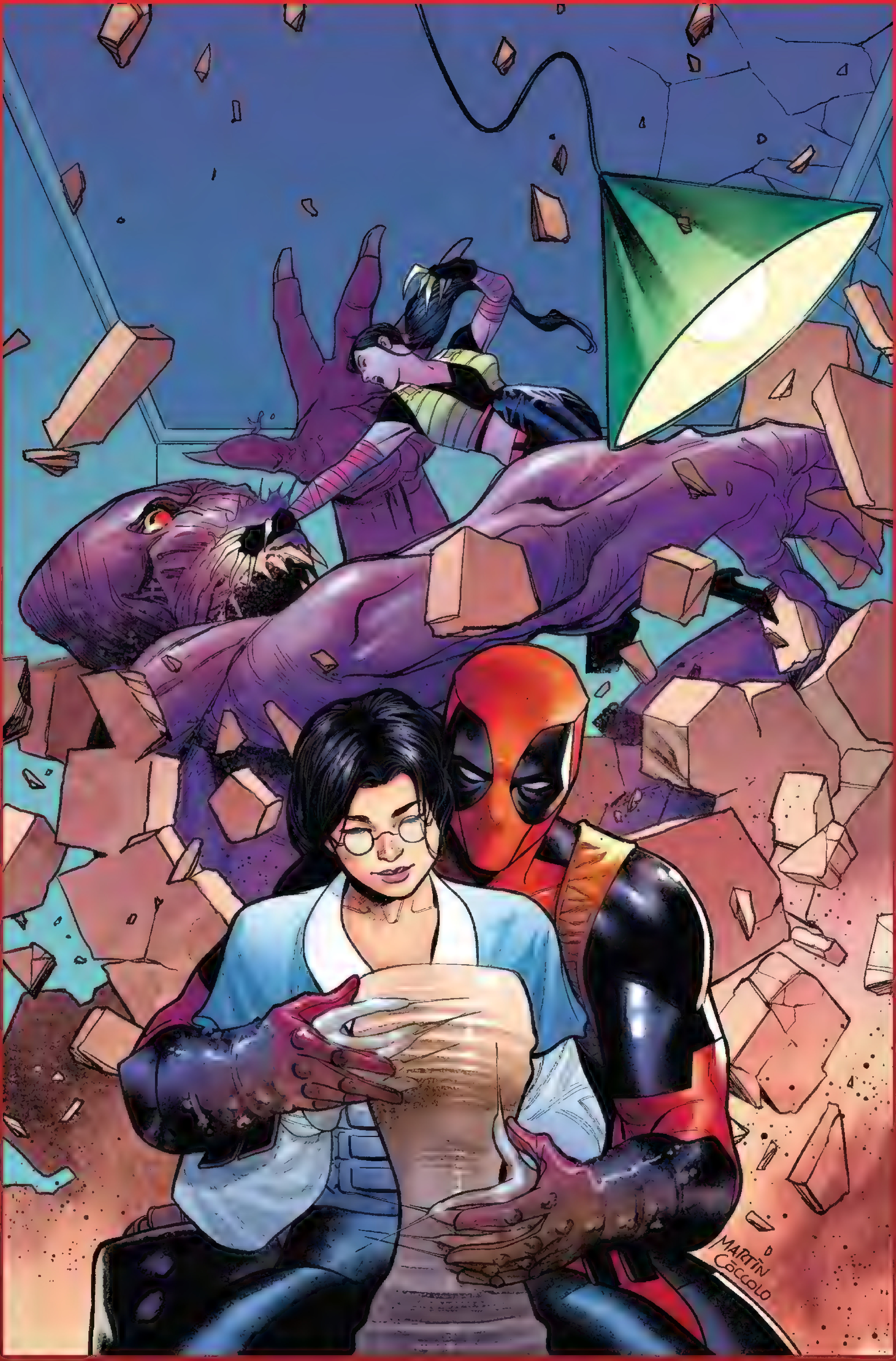
...I'm going to kill him. 4:42 P.M.

***ERROR:*** *Your video could not be sent.*

**Monday**

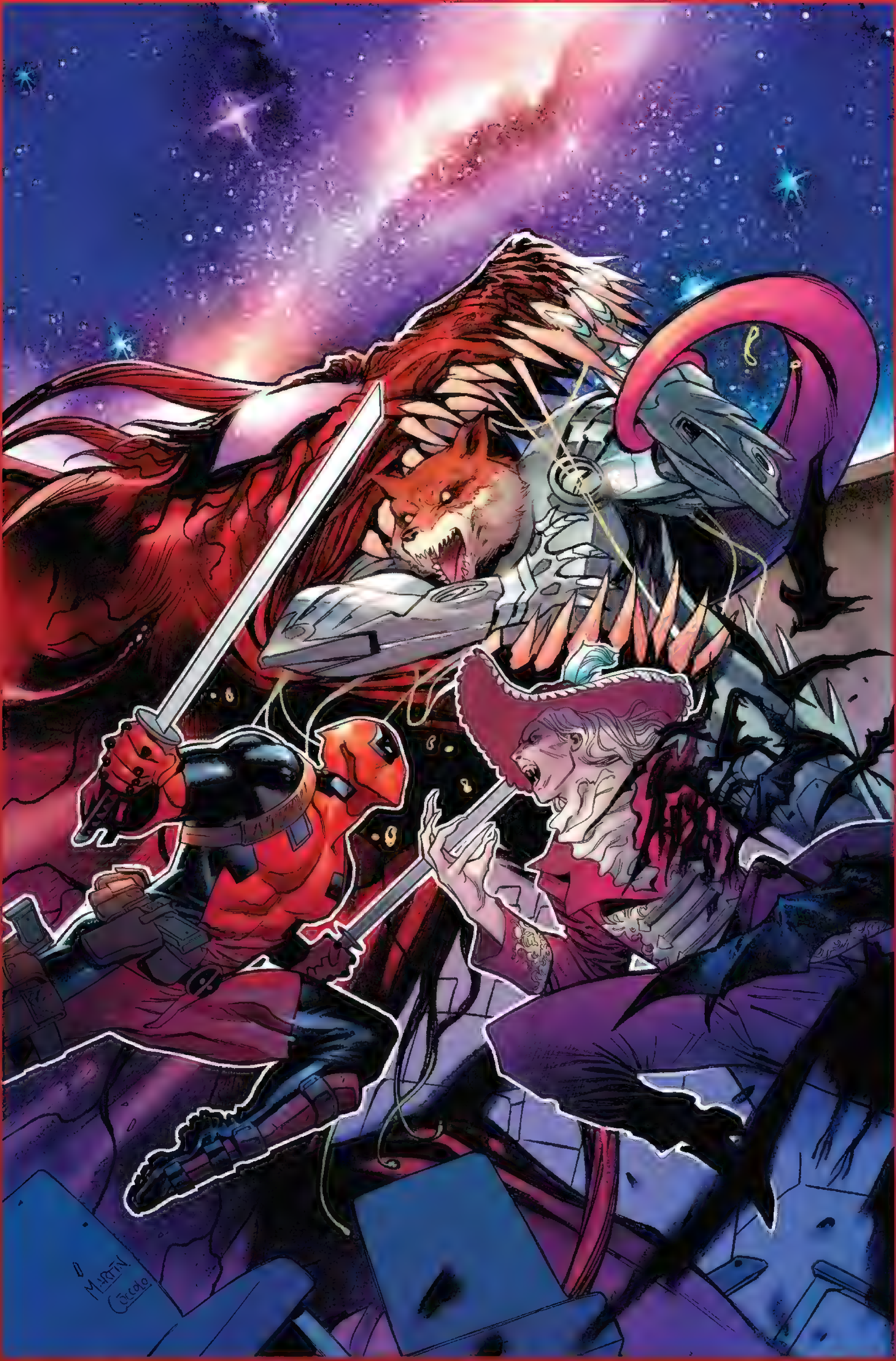
Fine. I'll keep her. 7:26 A.M.

But if Princess eats Kiki, I will NEVER forgive you. 7:26 A.M.


MARTÍN CÓCCOLO

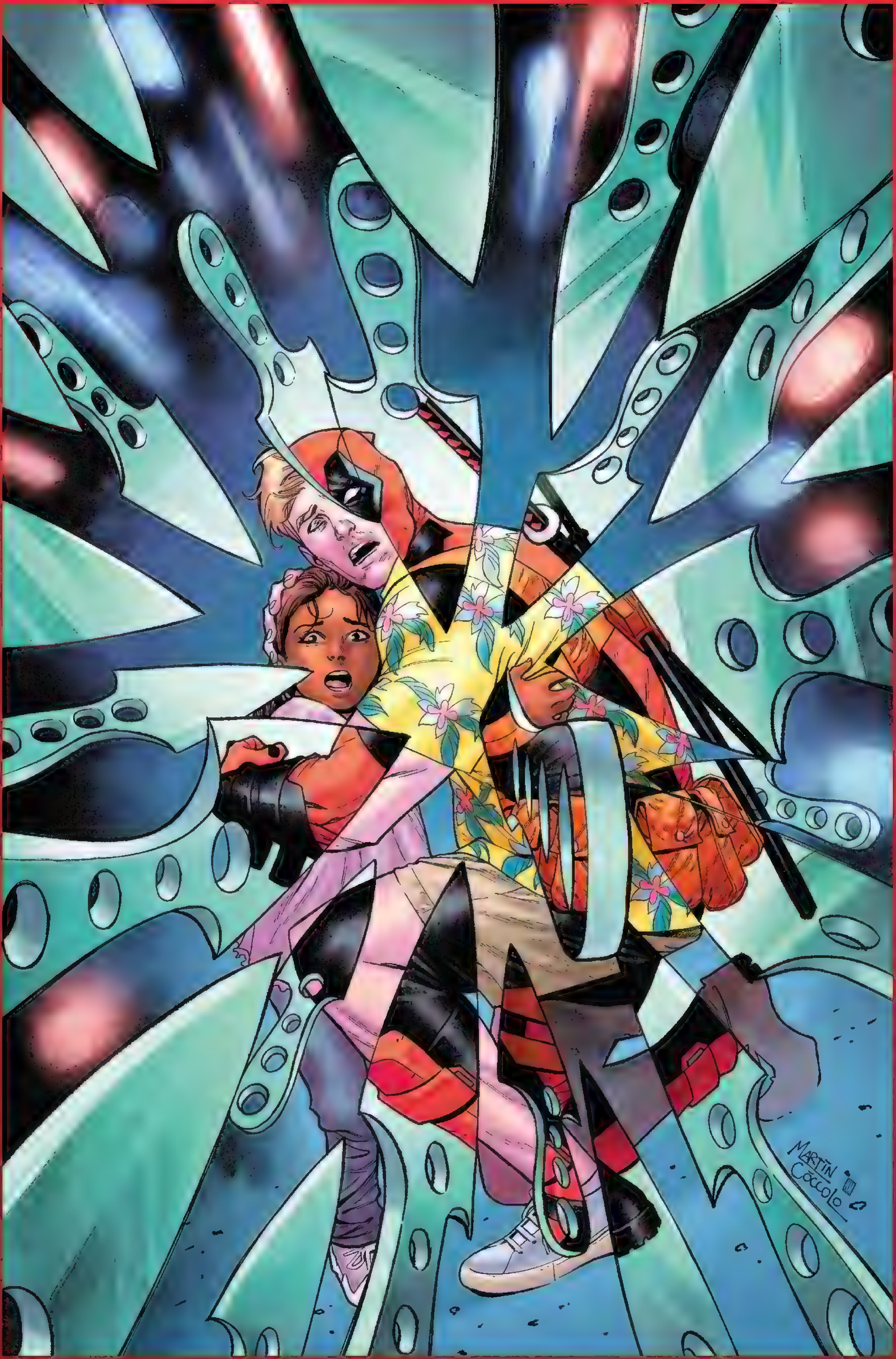
**Deadpool #6**

by Martín Cóccolo
& Neeraj Menon



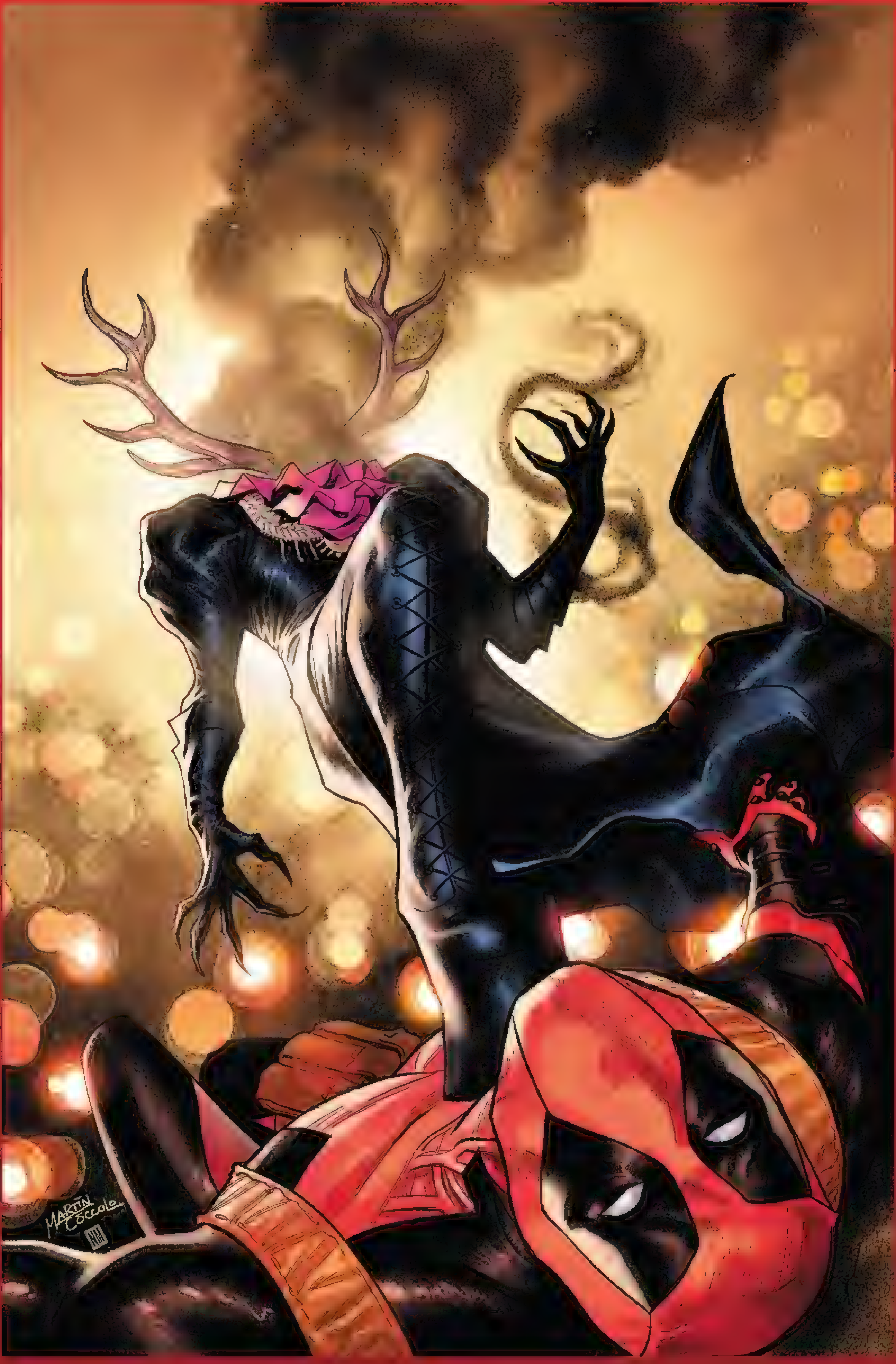
**Deadpool #7**

by Martín Cóccolo
& Neeraj Menon


MARTÍN CÓCCOLO

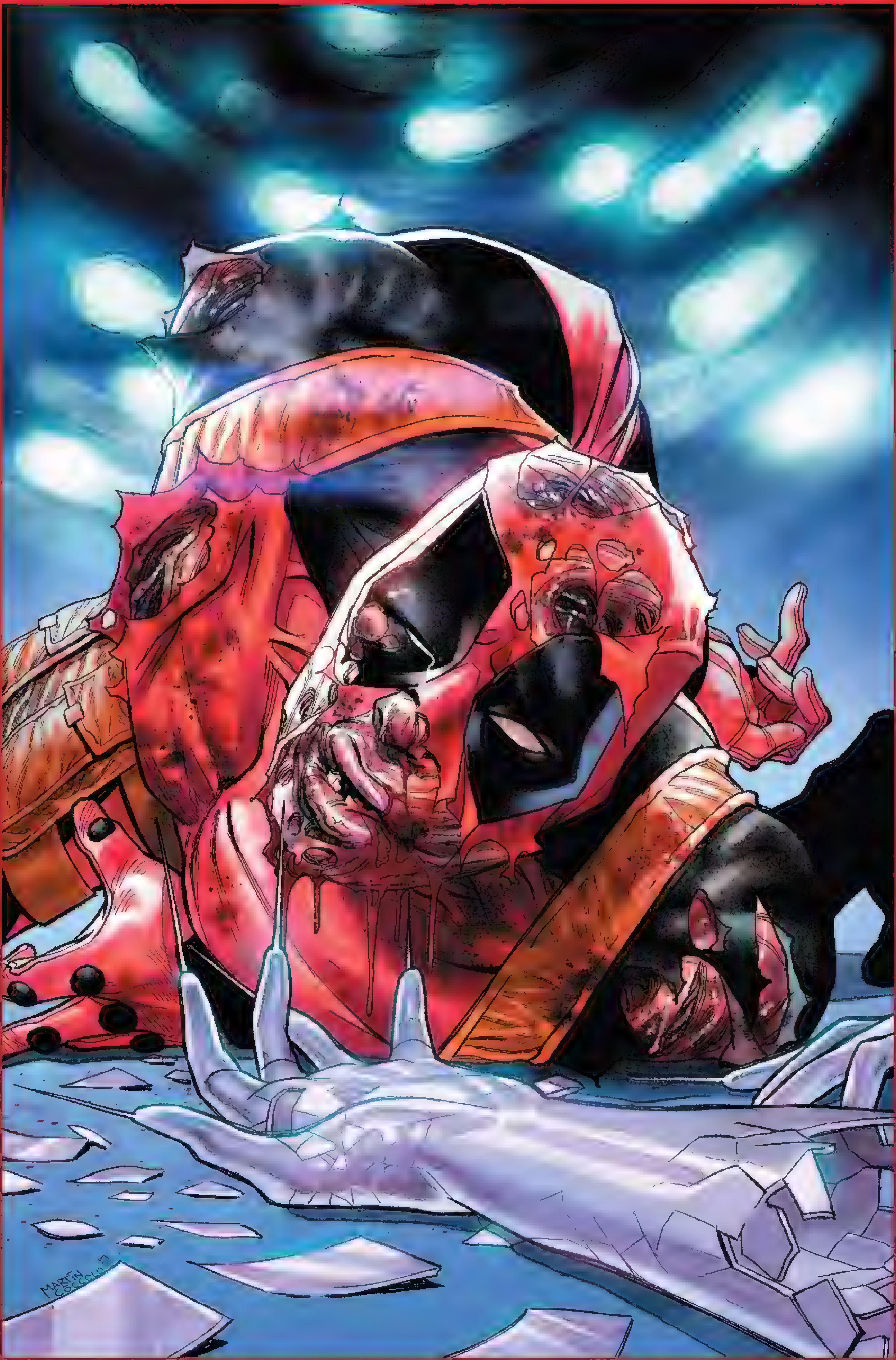
**Deadpool #8**

by Martín Cóccolo
& Neeraj Menon


MARTÍN CÓCCOLO

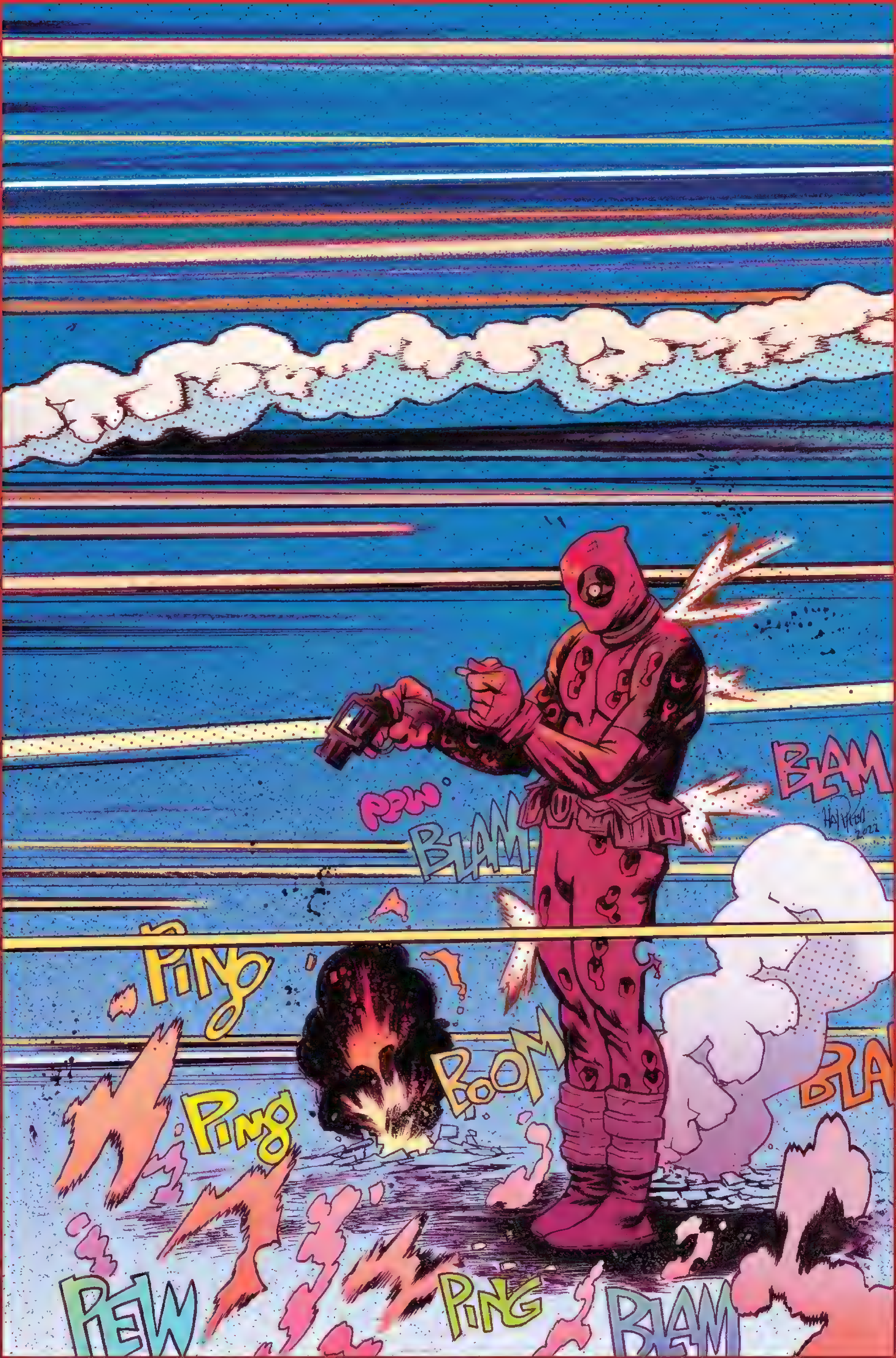
**Deadpool #9**

by Martín Cóccolo
& Neeraj Menon

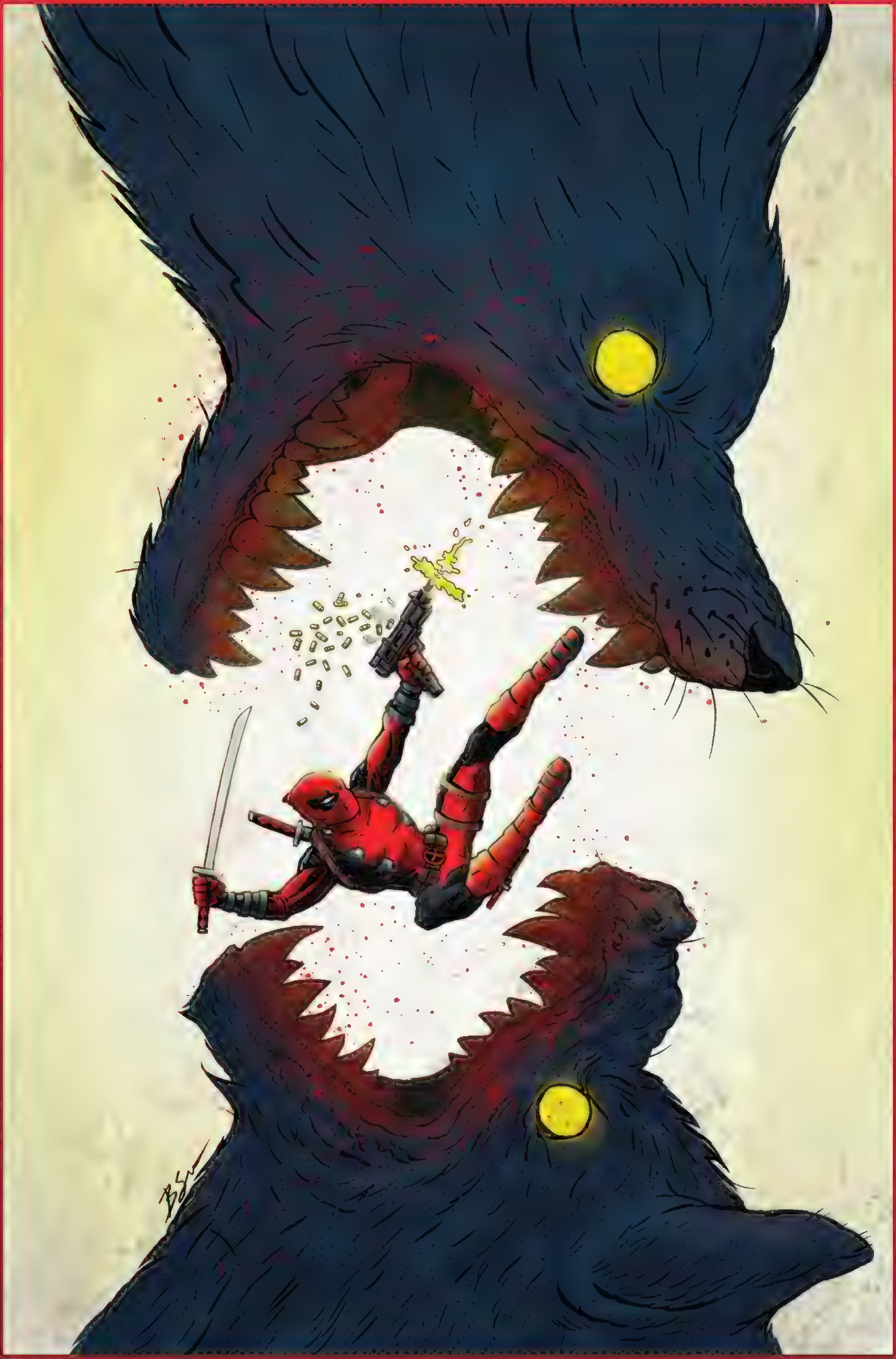


**Deadpool #10**

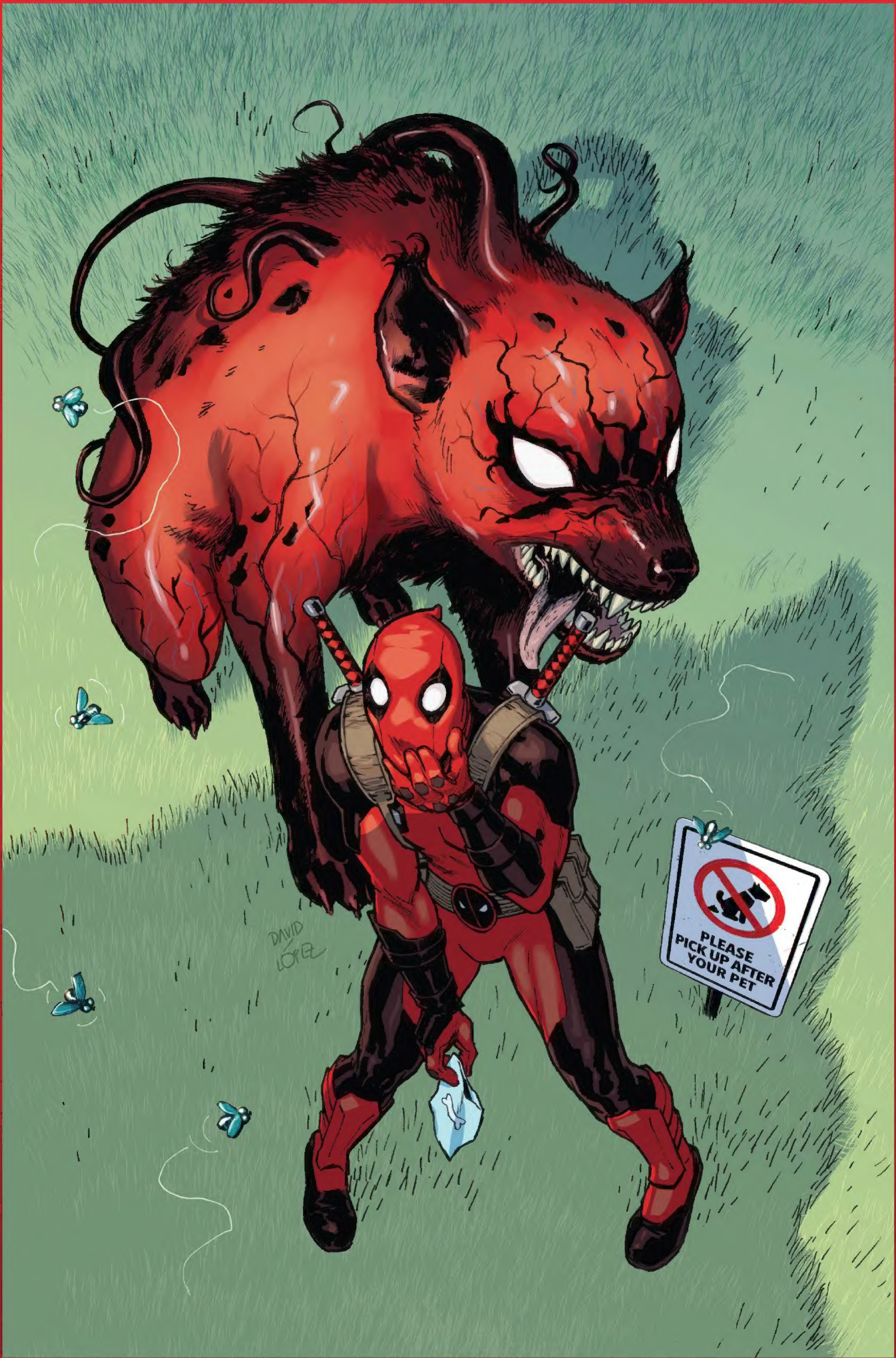
by Martín Cóccolo
& Neeraj Menon


BLAM
Harren 2022
PEW
BLAM
PING
BOOM
BLA
PING
PEW
PING
BLAM

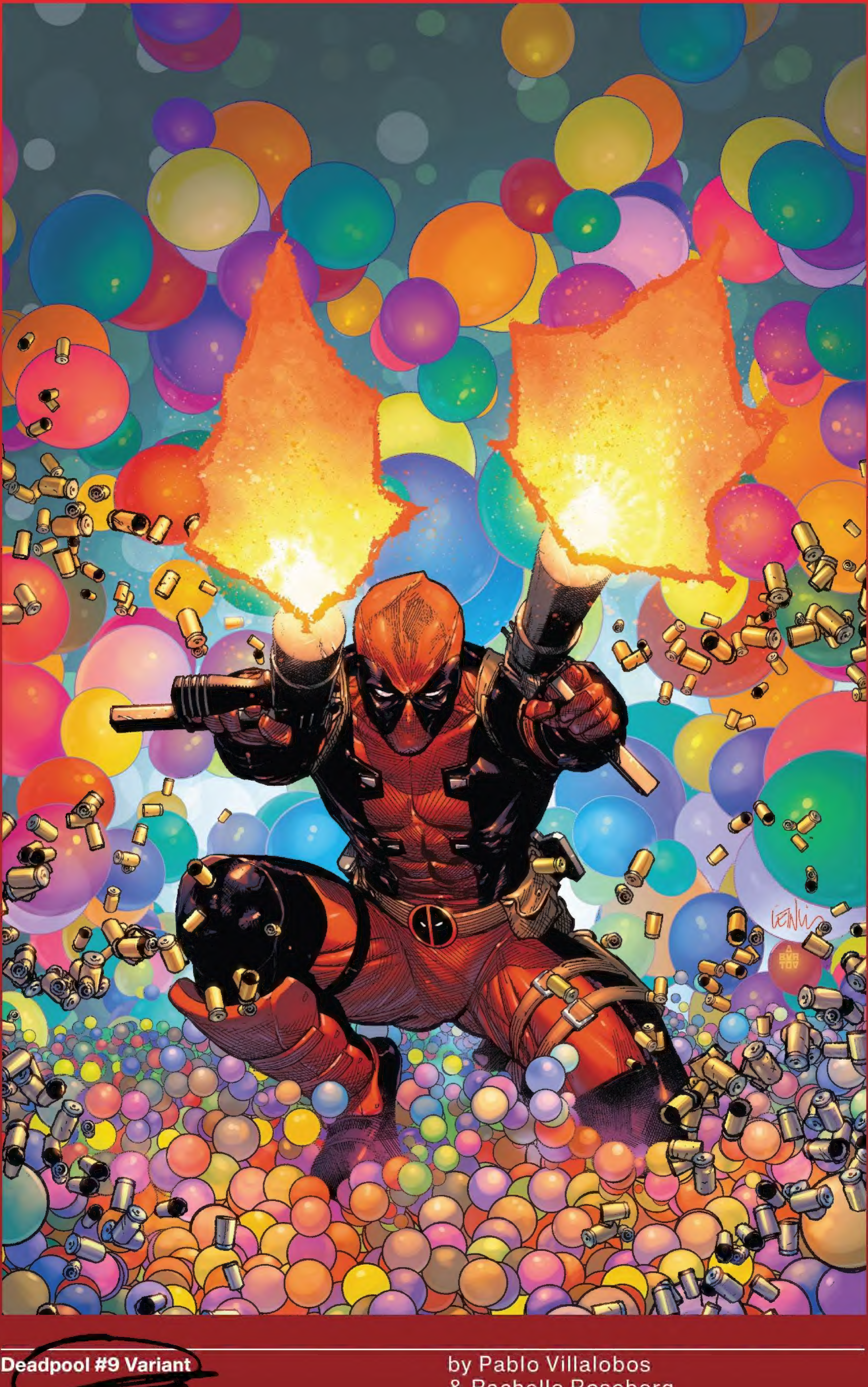
**Deadpool #6 Variant** by James Harren



**Deadpool #7 Variant** by Benjamin Su


PLEASE PICK UP AFTER YOUR PET
DAVID LÓPEZ

**Deadpool #8 Variant** by David Lopez



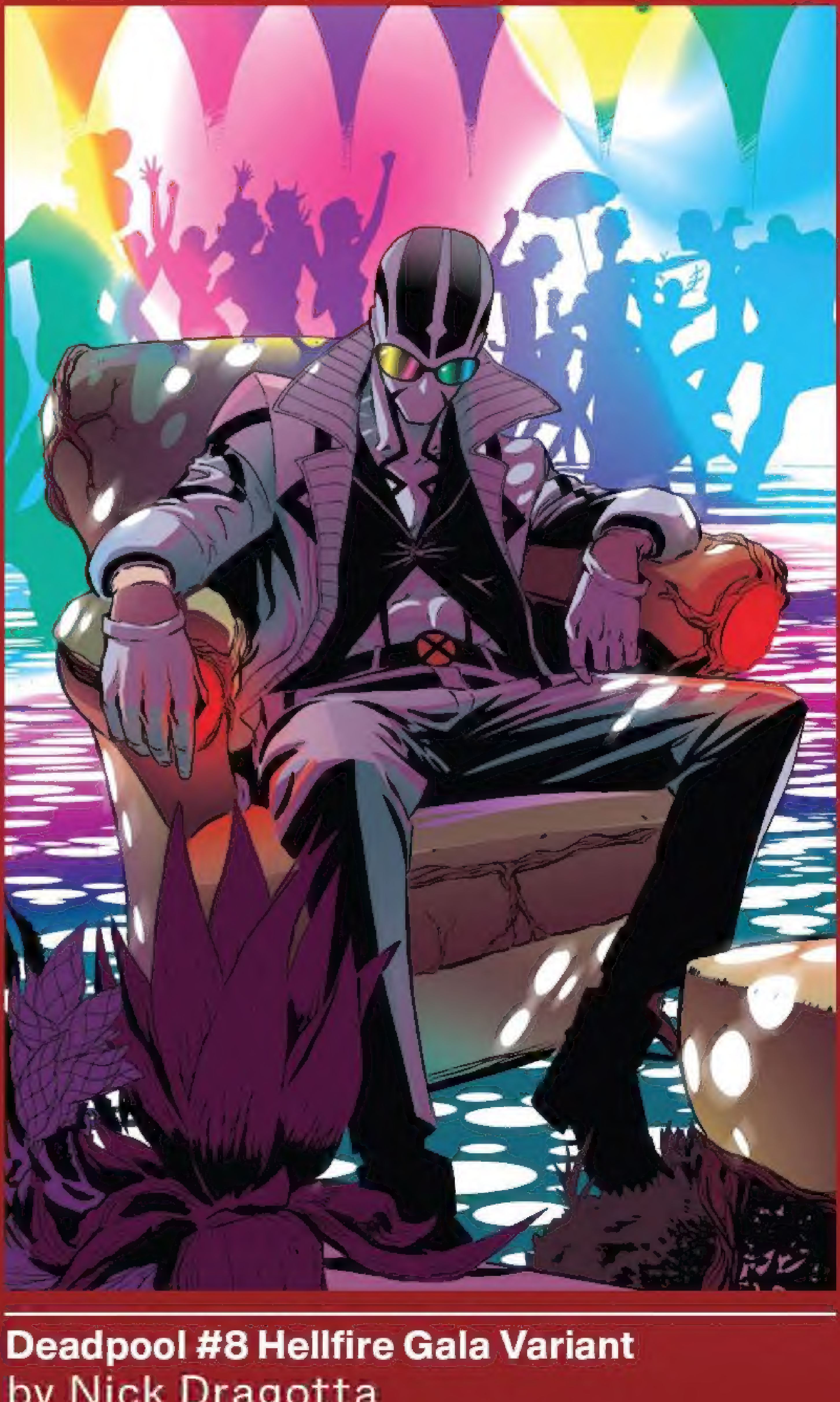
**Deadpool #9 Variant**

[redacted]

by Pablo Villalobos
& Rachelle Roseberg

**Deadpool #10 Variant**
by Pete Woods

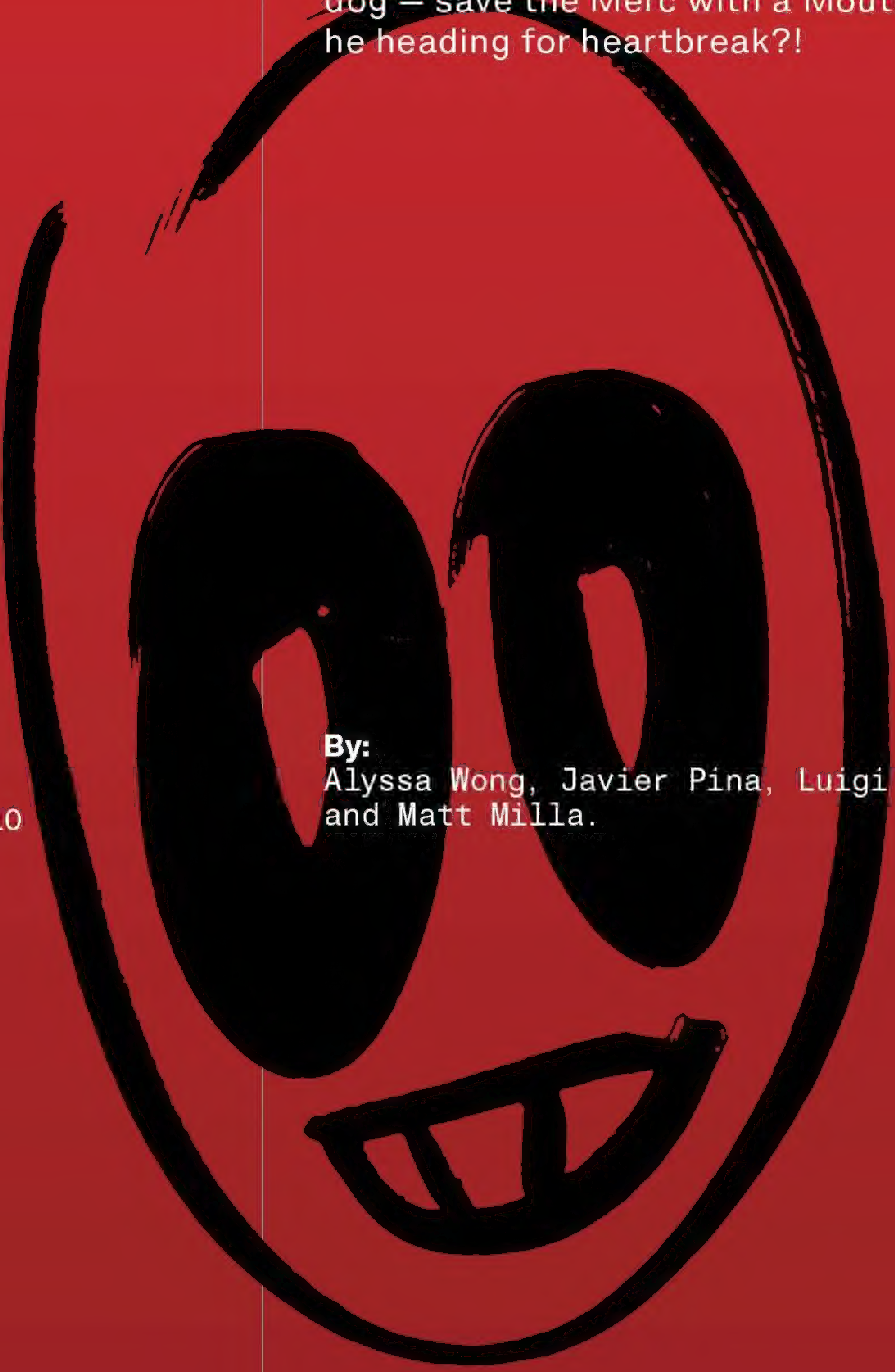
**Deadpool #7 Spider-Verse Variant**
by Peach Momoko



**Deadpool #8 Hellfire Gala Variant**
by Nick Dragotta

**Love is in the air as Deadpool takes his new romance, Valentine Vuong, out on the town!**

Unfortunately, bullets, blades and explosive devices are also in the air — since both of them have enemies who want them dead! What do trained killers do when trained killers try to kill them? Naturally, they try to kill those trained killers first! After all of this, Wade Wilson will need a break. All he wants to do is retire, have a nice time with his daughter and be completely cured of his cancer — is that too much to ask? Maybe not? But when he's captured by the mysterious Horned Emperor, can even Deadpool's new paramour — or his giant symbiote dog — save the Merc with a Mouth? Or is he heading for heartbreak?!



**Collecting:**
Deadpool (2022) #6-10

**By:**
Alyssa Wong, Javier Pina, Luigi Zagaria and Matt Milla.

MARVEL

PARENTAL ADVISORY